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NAVAL POEMS.

PLEASURES OF THE NAVAL LIFE,

AND

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

BY

THOMAS DOWNEY, R.N.

London:

PRINTED BY T. C. HANSARD, PETERBOROUGH-COURT, FLEET-STREET,

FOR

C. CRADOCK AND W. JOY, 32 PATERNOSTER-ROW;

AND J. HATCHARD, PICCADILLY.

1813.

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TO

JOHN WILSON CROKER, Esq. LL.D. F.R.S.

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR THE BOROUGH OF ATHLONE,

AND

SECRETARY TO THE ADMIRALTY.

SIR,

PERMIT me to dedicate to you the following Poems.

IF any humble merit they may possess should be deemed worthy your notice, I know not to whom they can be with so much propriety inscribed:—

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whether with reference to the zealous and dignified discharge of your high official duties, so essential to the prosperity of the British Naval interests; or to that genius, which, alive to every impulse of patriotism, you have so happily indulged in exalting and extending its flame.

I have the honour to be,

with the utmost respect,

SIR,

Your most obedient, and

most devoted Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

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THE inimitable poem of the SHIPWRECK is of the tragic cast; entire in its subject. It was worthy to be touched by the hand of FALCONER; and was admirably adapted to excite the powerful emotions of pity and terror.

BUT while the Poet stood on the strongest ground of his art, in the choice of a subject which he adorned by a judicious selection of images, and the most beautiful and vivid description, the SHIPWRECK comprises not an extended picture of the Naval Life.

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Nevertheless, the deep colouring of its more gloomy scenes, has been often transferred to subsequent effusions of less original Poetry, which profess to depict, or which advert to the occupations of the Mariner.

In prose writings also, allusions to the hardships and perils of the sailor are common: and too frequently, even on board ship, that feeling of languor and monotony, which occasionally oppresses man in every station of life, operating first on the more inactive, is uttered in the language of discontent; its infectious influence is cherished instead of being repressed; and at length the wearisome complaint or the fashionable growl is reiterated through a circle of men whose energies danger serves but to awaken, and who look on death without dismay.

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THIS tone of querulous despondence is beneath the animadversion of reason or philosophy. The Naval Life is NOT a series of privations, distresses, and affliction. It presents a variety of situations, the delights of which are heightened by contrast; it calls into exertion and strengthens those qualities both of body and mind, which adorn and dignify manhood: and it opens a field, in which, while thousands of individuals have raised themselves to opulence, and rank, and splendour, the power and resources of Great Britain have been exalted to a pitch beyond precedent or calculation.

WITH such impressions the following work was attempted; and the hours occupied in its construction have been rather those of convalescence after severe illness, than of abstraction from professional duty. The execution, it is feared, may but too much

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need apology; yet the Author trusts that as a mark of devotion, however humble, to that service in which he has passed eighteen years of his life, it will not be unacceptable to the public: and to the candor of the public it is now submitted.

June, 1813.

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PLEASURES

OF THE

NAVAL LIFE.

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NAVAL LIFE.

CURTIS FINAN.

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ARGUMENT.

WISH for the discovery of transmarine regions implanted by Nature for the purpose of extending civilisation:—Reference to the pursuits of Vasco de Gama,—Columbus,—Cook.—Pleasures occurring in the general routine of maritime duty, the Author's more immediate subject.—Retrospect of a voyage to India.—Sailing from Falmouth.—Last sight of Land.—Reflections.—Celestial observations.—Prosecution of the Voyage.—Crossing the Line.—Young sailor in the top.—Squall.—Passing the Cape.—Thoughts of home.—Occupation in Calms.—Sunset at Sea.—Midnight.—Mariner's dream.—Morning.—Signs of Land.—Land discovered.—Anchoring.

Vacant hours on shore—Superior brilliancy of the scenery and animated objects in a tropical climate.—Contrasted view of the Seaman's employ in Polar regions.

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Pleasures of the Naval Life.

CANTO I.

Tentamusque viam, et velorum pandimus alas.——
Di, maris et terræ tempestatumque potentes,
Ferte viam vento facilem, et spirate secundi.

VIRGIL.

WHO, on the promontory's brow reclined,
Rolls o'er the billowy prospect unconfined
A listless eye? Who views, but with delight,
The scene sublime in varying beauty bright?
Strains not his gaze, and wishes not revealed
Those shores beyond the vast expanse concealed?
Nor vain this general wish:—from Heaven it came,
A grateful spark of Nature's kindest flame,
Whose genial influence warms, from age to age,
The hardy seaman and the studious sage;

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An ever vivid principle, designed,
From savage gloom to light, to lift mankind;
And slow, yet certain as the stream of Time,
Each social charm to waft from clime to clime.

The Lusian hero, thus, his course renowned,
Through tempests, urged, the cape of Afric round;
Waved his proud flag her mountain-surges o'er,
And reared the cross on many a Pagan shore:
While, as Golconda blessed his daring sail,
The fiery crescent of the Moor turned pale.

For this COLUMBUS swayed reluctant fate,
To crown with golden realms a thankless state,
What time a patriot queen his sail unfurled,
And launched his barks to seek the western world:
For this, he dared his high design pursue,
Spite of each coward chief and murmuring crew;
Leaders, whose bosoms science never warmed,
Followers, whom every passing cloud alarmed,
Who, borne before the tropic-gale, beheld
To endless banishment their prows impelled;

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While superstition, to their aching eyes,
Bade all the spectres of the deep arise;
Till from despair to frenzied fury led,
They aimed their impious weapons at his head.
For this he still explored, serenely brave,
The path his genius imaged on the wave,
Though his last stay, the magnet, turned aside;
And Heaven itself no longer seemed his guide!

What were thy joys, O chief! when, night withdrawn,
The new found world first opened on the dawn!
In silent calm was hushed old Ocean's roar,
And in primeval beauty bloomed the shore;
Whose mild possessors, rapt in mute surprise,
Believed their guests descendants of the skies!—

With deep emotion, Cook! the naval Muse
Bends o'er thy track; thy scenes of peril views.
What if no continent may boast thy name,
Thy virtuous toils a nobler record claim!—

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On waves till then unknown, with dauntless soul,
He scanned th' extent of earth from pole to pole;
The frozen confines drear of ocean tried,
What pervious to the keel and what denied;
While, years on years as round the globe he steered,
Disease receded where his sails appeared:
Fever, with burning cheek and wildered eye,
The favoured bark untainted saw pass by;
That fury, too, who, in terrific reign,
O'er the wide billows of the southern main,
Unnerved Centurion midst her bold career,
While ANSON paused and almost learned to fear,
His Resolution harmless hovered round;
Wondering, her snakes but hissed and dared not wound.
Where e'er a port his friendly anchors pressed,
The gladdened shores his care paternal blessed;
Thus, where the vast Pacific Ocean smiles
Around his deep-embosomed verdant Isles,
To their rich pastures Europe's flocks he gave,
And bade her fruits to blush, her groves to wave;

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Her arts the exulting native saw unveiled,
And the young dawn of laws and order hailed.—
Such was the chief, whose charity refined,
The world his country deemed, his friends mankind;
Whose life, Humanity, proclaimed him thine!
Whose parting breath was offered at thy shrine!

Theirs were the sweet rewards of souls sublime,
That mock the touch of all-destroying Time:
Their fame the bold discoverer still inspires;
Their worth still felt a grateful world admires.—
But, with the humbler seaman, deign to dwell
Delights that boast to wake the tuneful shell?
Yes.—The kind day-dreams flitting round his head,
Those sweet reflections hovering o'er his bed,
That hope, which time and circumstance defies,
Still springing fresh beneath remotest skies;
That buoyant spirit, prompting to engage
The direst forms of elemental rage;
Pleasures from these that flow be mine to sing,
Pleasures, the seaman's daily task can bring.—

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Rise, ye fair scenes, though faded not effaced!
Like fertile spots amid the desart waste,
Beneath a frowning sky; whose beauties bloom,
In transient light, while all around is gloom!
Let me recal you, 'mid the golden hours
Of youth, unclouded by misfortune's showers;
When, wanderer wild, I left the rural train,
To share the hopes and dangers of the main;
The rocky margin reached, and joyous found
The ready bark, to eastern regions bound.

Where, through the winding port, that far extends
Her sheltering hills, old Valè's stream descends,
Again I view the canvas spreading wide,
And hail the promised wind and swelling tide;
With mingled doubt and joy aloft I go,
Light fluttering airs around my temples blow;
The anchor's weighed amain; freshens the breeze;
The vessel rises graceful to the seas;
Her sails, that gently bend the masts on high,
Swell a broad concave on the gazing eye,

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And, as they feel th' aërial current's force,
The bark, with speed increasing, holds her course;
From either shore, at equal distance, glides,
Stemming, with steady prow, th' opposing tides.
Now from the Sable Rock aloof she steers,
Now old Pendennis far astern appears:
And now the turrets hoar, receding slow,
In distance, stooping to the flood below,
Catch the last gleam of day's declining blaze,
Then undistinguished sink in evening's haze.—
That parting moment's mixed emotions, all,
Shall oft respond to memory's pensive call!

The British Moralist, in gloom retired,
Whose wayward musings error, then, inspired,
Pronounced the favourite guardians of the state
Repining wretches, driven, the sport of fate,
To live, unjoyous, on the stormy wave,
The ship their prison, and the sea their grave:
But the blithe mariner regards the main
His road to wealth, nor heeds the sombre strain.—

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Vanished his native land, no harbour nigh;
Beneath, all ocean; and above, all sky;
No slavish fears his ardent breast invade;
Here friendly science lends her grateful aid.
He marks thee, PHŒBUS! on the sextant tries
Thy various altitudes along the skies;
Or, following swift thy sister orb afar,
Compels her crescent to thy flaming car;
Or bids new stars attend her midnight wain,
And sinks her silver wheels to sweep the main.
Thus, wonderous power of numbers given to man!
He learns his distance from the pole to scan;
Questions the guide immortal power has given,
Boldly corrects the aberrance left by Heaven;
Constructs his chart, and there presumes to trace,
Through every distant clime, his vessel's place.—
Along his left, the realms of Afric spread;
Wide stretching from her Lybian desarts, dread,
Through palmy plains, to where her torrents shine
With golden sands, beneath the burning line.
The king of rivers, Amazonia's boast,
Guiana's vales, Brasilia's diamond coast,

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Bounding his tablet, on the right are seen,
And scattered solitary isles between.
From either continent afar he speeds,
No gale averse his rapid course impedes;
Sunk in the main the gelid pole-star lies,
And warm the southern constellations rise;
Or through the silent night, with grateful ray,
Myriads of vital lamps coruscant play;
Each morn the sea-boy views the wave more clear,
More blue the sky, and breathes a purer air;
Oft, too, assiduous as he cons, apart,
His various minor tasks of naval art,
The dolphin flouncing by, in wanton freaks,
Or swift pursuit, his meditation breaks:
And startled from the wave, the glittering prey
On silver pinions wheels amid the day.—
Still stemming southward, o'er the volant prow,
Through Heaven's wide concave vertic splendors glow;
And Neptune's long wished advent here invites
To festival uncouth, and boisterous rites:
A pasteboard diadem invests his brow;
O'er canvas robes his hempen tresses flow;

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His dexter hand with wooden trident graced,
And on his car (a cannon's carriage) placed,
Preceded by his noisy Triton-train,
Appears the pseudo-monarch of the main.
The master soon th' unwieldy pomp attends,
And Neptune's clumsy majesty descends,
The noble ship and nobler chief to greet,
And lay the ruling trident at his feet;
The presence, too, through all his realms he craves,
Of Britons, fit (alone) to rule the waves:
Next o'er the shouting decks he marches slow,
In rude procession, big with joy and woe:
The veteran tar, who oft has crossed the line,
Is hailed his duteous son, with smile benign;
The luckless lubber wight, who ne'er before
Had shaped his vent'rous course to India's shore,
Now from the yard-arm dangling doomed to swing,
Then plunged amain, as wills the watery king,
In vain aloft, below, with rueful face,
Essays to 'scape the Tritons' rough embrace;
Their mirth in many a roaring laugh exprest,
As the rude waves admit the squalling guest.—

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Meanwhile the sparkling bowl moves gaily round,
And mirth and revel through the bark resound,
Banished all care; and unrestricted glee
Proclaims the Saturnalia of the sea.

The festal hours are past; the busy crew,
Through many a day, their wonted tasks renew:
At length, the helmsman views the shivering sail
Inconstant stand; the tropic breezes fail.—
Then careless, in the noonday top reclined,
His watchmate's arm around his shoulder twined,
The youthful tar, imbued with scanty lore,
Secluded pores his little volume o'er;
Weeps for the woes of Crusoe on the main,
Or sadly wanders through his drear domain;
Floats with his feeble raft upon the deeps,
Or, in his cave, 'mid circling dangers sleeps;
Shares in his toil, sighs at his lonely mess,
Applauds his perseverance in distress;
Droops in his sickness, joins his fervent prayer,
And feels, when man will pray, that God will hear.

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Then turns the page, o'er fairer scenes to bend;
The hermit solaced by a faithful friend;
His solitary wilds a kingdom grown,
He rules, mild monarch of a guiltless throne.—
Meantime, ascending clouds of deepest shade,
From ocean borne, the welkin slow invade;
And ere th' untimely twilight dims the skies,
In curls of azure dark, the billows rise:
Wide spreads the gloom; the fading orb of day
Sudden recedes; yet gilds, with parting ray,
The screaming sea-birds, round in air that sweep,
And frequent porpoise, flashing on the deep;
While through the masts the squall resounds on high,
With topsails lowered amain, and sheets let fly.
Then as the weather-yard-arm, first, he gains,
And strenuous to his breast the earing strains,
And o'er the reef assisting shipmates bend,
With hoarse applauses while their aid they lend,—
Think not, ye, seated round the cheerful fire,
Blest in the pleasures mirth and wine inspire,
While the big tempest raves around your walls,
Its roar the youthful mariner appals.—

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No: while he reefs the sail, with manly pride,
Or takes the helm, the scudding bark to guide,
A glow is his, amid the tempest's strife,
That mocks th' unvaried calms of private life.

Reduced her sail, her course the vessel ploughs,
In weary traverse slow, with labouring bows;
Dark through the drift, to leeward far arise
The mountain-summits mixing with the skies,
Where towered, of old, the visionary form
That spoke in thunder, and dissolved in storm:
And the young seaman, on the watery waste,
Anxious the sweets of every shore to taste,
Beholds, with sullen glance, the surges foam
Around their base, and counts the hours from home.
Home! word beloved! What magic in the sound—
His faithful talisman, the globe around!
Oft, as in serious guise he treads the deck,
The pensile silk that flutters round his neck,
Severs his trance, with sweet illusion fraught,
And all the tender train of silent thought:

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How, as the teasing margin flaps his cheek,
Ten thousand dear associations break!
Perhaps, this moment at his evening board,
He views the sweets that love and peace afford;
Beholds a gay assembled circle trace
The figures bright, on many a treasured vase,
And hears, in melting tones, "too long away,
In foreign regions still the youth must stay!"
While one, the fairest, checks the starting tear,
But speaks in sighs, "I wish the donor here!"

How wears the time, when, lingering months rolled o'er,
The sailor hopes to make th' expected shore:
But calms, unwelcome, o'er the billows creep,
And every breeze of Heaven is lulled to sleep;
Save that he, panting, courts a transient breath,
From sails slow flapping to the swell beneath;
As on the mast, amid the noon-tide blaze,
He fondly casts around his languid gaze,
To catch some fancied land, that sudden flies,
Till vision tires, and expectation dies?

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No dreaming idler here abstracted stands,
Wasting the precious hours with folded hands.
The master now inspects, with timely care,
Each threatening breach, directs each due repair;
Weighs his resources, counts his viands o'er;
Spreads on the deck his vegetable store;
Provides, their humble luxuries to renew,
The simple meal more grateful for his crew;
Or ocean's wave, with chemic art, distills,
Whence flows the brine, transformed, in tasteless rills;
While all his little labours call, serene,
To memory's eye the mild domestic scene.—
Dear household deity! thy works how fair,
Blest Industry! how sweet thy tasks to share!
Nor only thus his care their want supplies:
He lifts their minds, directs them to the skies;
His precepts plain, the crew with awe attend,
And hear at once their captain, priest, and friend.

The sun descending, through the western skies,
Sheds, from his setting orb, celestial dyes.

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Poured through disparting clouds, a radiant glow
Of liquid gold o'er ocean seems to flow;
Far east, divergent in gradations bland,
The sober tints of evening broad expand;
Slowly, o'er Heaven's blue arch, her veil extends,
And meeting air and water sweetly blends;
Mean time, the starry train, ascending bright,
In undulation mild of lambent light,
Reflected on th' unbroken swell are seen,
Innumerous sparkling o'er the wide serene.
All, all around is peace! A sense, refined,
Of power almighty wakens on the mind;
Amid the grandeur of her solitude,
Each low, each earthly wish she feels subdued;
And adoration rise, and conscious pride,
That speaks the immortal flame to Heaven allied.

But can the wandering sailor pleasure find,
Who leaves the sweets of wedded love behind?
'Tis midnight deep, 'tis calm, 'tis gloom around,
A silent horror stills the vast profound;

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Though day's bright orb beneath the wave retires,
The sultry night still glows with sickly fires.
He treads the deck, immersed in anxious cares,
In climes remote forebodes the lapse of years.
The watch is out: no cooling draught supplied,
Sad, from th' untasted fare he turns aside.
Yet, here, shall memory o'er his temples fling
The balmy dew-drops, from her seraph wing:—
Who strikes the lyre? He hears in thought again
The well known voice, and soft, enchanting strain.
'Tis her he loves! With what serene delight
Her image gilds the cheerless noon of night!
In contemplation sweet, 'tis his to trace
Each look, each step, each soul-pervading grace,
That, first beheld in life's endearing prime,
Still gently dances down the stream of time;
Still the warm sigh he feels, still hears the vow
Of all that chaste affection dared allow;
And dwells on scenes endeared of love and truth,
In the fond glow of renovated youth.—
Thus he, while near his humbler shipmate lies,
In sweetest sleep already closed his eyes,

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The meed of faithful toil: his peaceful rest
No vain regrets annoy, no cares molest;
But, ever near to guiltless slumbers found,
The friendly white-winged genii flit around,
And o'er his pendent couch, in visions bright,
Unfold the soothing scenes of past delight.
His ventures lucky and his voyage o'er,
First of the naval train he springs to shore;
Awhile the cares of restless ocean yields,
For tranquil hamlet and sequestered fields;
Far from the public road, diverging, treads
The foot-path o'er the hill that homeward leads;
While melting music wakes from every spray,
To the mild glories of declining day:
Then, winding slowly up, the summit gains,
And looks complacent o'er the well known plains.
His native village stretching wide beneath,
Its deep blue smoke, condensed by autumn's breath,
The grey spire, breaking from the yew's dark shade,
The mill-stream, glittering through the woodland glade;

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Each cherished object fancy loves to trace,
Calls, like a friend: he hies with quickened pace;
The spire, the mill, the brook, the mead, the groves,
All seem dependants on the home he loves.
Yet, by the aged oak, whose branches spread
Athwart his path impenetrable shade,
Whose acorns, sown long since in infant play,
Now saplings wave, with lighter foliage gay,
And shade the cot where, 'mid surrounding dells,
Counting the hours, his blameless consort dwells,
A moment rests, essaying to controul
The fond emotions that pervade his soul;
While from the porch, which fragrant briars inclose,
Where pyracanthus, twined with jasmine, glows,
The sweets that bloom around his home he hails,
And feels attraction wafted in the gales;
Then views, the fence on tiptoe peeping o'er,
A cherub groupe that cull th' autumnal store:
Watching their tasks, the partner of his breast,
Her lovely cheek with pensive smile imprest,
Yet warmly beaming, mid the setting blaze,
The flush of love upon his raptured gaze.—

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Absence! all chastening power, severely kind,
Thou best controuling genius of the mind!
Who, watchful o'er our short imperfect joys,
Withdraw'st the cup of pleasure ere it cloys,
Far from our murmuring lips; yet to infuse
Celestial balms, and pure empyreal dews;
And bidst us, while we fondly sigh in vain,
Inhale the fragrance ere we taste again:—
O! give the sailor, worn with toil and care,
Its fragrance rich, its deepest draught to share!

Night's solemn reign is o'er; the solar ray
Glows in the east, and lights the watery way,
Rough with reviving breezes: on we steer,
And birds of welcome plumage hover near,
Wheeling in devious flight: a dusky hue
Spreads gradual o'er the ocean's sullied blue;
The giant fucus spreads, in glittering line,
Its long leaves heaving to the swelling brine:—
All, grateful to th' expectant sailor band,
Bespeak the sweet proximity of land.

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At length, far off, on ocean's utmost verge,
A smoky speck the sailor sees emerge.
"Land!" from aloft, resounds in joyful cry;
"Land!" from below, th' exulting crew reply:
More welcome scarce, of day the long lost beams,
O'er arctic wastes, the shivering native deems:
Onward with every sail the course is prest;
The shores in all their glory rise confest:
Wide o'er the sands, the surge infuriate pours
Its ceaseless foam: above, the castled towers,
Named from her guardian saint, o'erlook the main;
The vestibule of Albion's Indian reign.
The darkening shore unnumbered gazers crowd,
And hail the bark in naval splendour proud:
As from the stern her flag unfurled appears,
Wakening ten thousand tender hopes and fears:
That flag, erewhile by favouring breezes swelled,
Haply some lover's wistful eye beheld
In distance fade, when leaving Albion's shore:
Or, haply, does she waft that lover o'er!
While fond enquiry agitates the throng,
Lights up each eye, and dwells on every tongue,

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They launch their boats; her busy decks ascend;
Shout answers shout, and friend embraces friend.
High on the mast the youthful seaman eyes,
Midst half-furled sails, the scenes that round him rise;
The citron grove, the palmy cocoa's bloom,
And deeply breathes the spicy gale's perfume;
Scans the huge elephant, with fixed amaze,
And sits the long, long watch, in silent gaze.
The vessel safe they moor. Then see him sped,
With gay impatient friends, the shore to tread;
And, in the native's slender shallop reach,
High bounding o'er the surf, the long-wished beach!

Teems the rich soil beneath the vertic ray;
Smiles the fair mart, with novel luxuries gay;
Glitters the palace; splendor towers around;
And Britain, here, with eastern pomp is crowned:
Here, while she shines supreme in arts and arms,
A patriot glow the youthful bosom warms;
Such as the bard inspired, who boldly sings,
"From ships and seamen all her glory springs."

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Though the rough tar, too oft, his efforts plies,
To combat hostile waves, and angry skies,
Yet landed, truant blithe, with shipmates kind,
His are the pleasures of a vacant mind.
With rolling gait, he ranges through the streets,
Profuse of quaint remark on all he meets;
Speeds to the thronged bazar, with timely care,
In search of baubles for his favourite fair;
Ere to the haunts of noisy mirth he strays,
And, o'er the flowing bowl, his course delays;
Detains the passing native as his guest,
Or plans, amid the crowd, th' unlucky jest.
Enough if revel, wine, and whim, employ
The transient hour, and give a hurried joy:
Till, 'merry mischief' floating in his brain,
He sallies forth, and seeks the shore again.—
E'en now, while up the mountain's breezy height
I stray, and cull, with ever-new delight,
From FLORA's varied store the blooming wreath,—
Obstreperous, from the rambling crew, beneath,
I hear the laugh, or song replete with glee,
And turning, view the pranks of jollity.—

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O'er the smooth beach, the short, but nimble race,
The strenuous wrestlers locked in rude embrace;
The pilfered jerkin hustled through the throng;
The heedless younker pushed the surf along:
Till, tired with gambol, on their sandy bed,
In listless groupes, their limbs supine they spread.—
Light be your slumbers! Up my devious way,
Midst tangled roots, and limpid rills I stray;
Studious, the passing insect tribes inspect,
The fossil rare, and sparkling ore collect;
Or strive, O Nature! dear in every clime,
To catch thy features, lovely or sublime!
With venturous pen or penoil, haply, try
To mark the scenes around for —— ——'s eye;
Blest if his partial eye, some future day,
Approve the picture, or descriptive lay;
Though, distant as th' equator from the poles,
Between us half a world of ocean rolls.

And thou, who givest, in native genius warm,
The glowing canvas every mimic charm;

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Already skilled in beauty's fairest line,
That flows, in Albion's nymphs, with grace divine,
Or generous sons, of form and aspect bold,
(Aspect of heroes, cast in freedom's mould!)
Wouldst thou, awhile, in fairy wanderings tread,
By whispers, kind, of youthful fancy led
Where Nature, in her wild recesses high,
Unveiled her grandeur to SALVATOR's eye;
Or o'er the landscape breathed her loveliest hue,
And smiled, as CLAUDE her charming features drew;
If bold, from academic grove to stray,
Thou dare, nor grieve to roam the watery way,
Then, slowly coasting many a distant shore,
With varied images thy fancy store.—
Spreads the wide champaign grateful to thy soul,
Where herds and flocks disport, and rivers roll?
Behold the plains immense, where Chili breeds
Her countless herds, untamed, and fiery steeds.
Or does the mountain more congenial rise,
Whose snowy summits prop th' incumbent skies?
Lo, where the giant Andes Heaven invade,
And wrap alternate oceans in their shade,

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Rather wouldst thou the forest-glade pourtray,
Through whose dark foliage noon-tide splendors play?
Her glories, FLORA, in the torrid zone,
Profusely sheds, to Europe's climes unknown:
Full on the visual nerve, her living green,
With blended gold and crimson, flashes keen;
Such in those isles that Ganges' streams embrace,
Oft let thy charmed imagination trace;
Nor fail, while safely gliding by, to mark
The tawny speckled fur, and eye-ball dark;
Bid thy bold crayon catch the lowering scowl,
When round the tyger glares, with sullen growl;
Let not the sudden hiss appal thine ear,
When, through the branches, twisted spires appear;
Behold the serpent, full in scorching rays
Revealed, what undulating beauties blaze!
Above him still, in equal beauties, glow
The feathered tribes, that wing the lofty bough,
While up the wide cerulean stretches, bright,
A golden veil of pure etherial light.—
So, gradual, while each crude idea flies,
And chaste, yet splendid, as thy studies rise,

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In scenes like these, matured thy hand and eye,
Design and colour through thy works shall vie;
While BUONAROTI's line thy hand recalls,
And TITIAN's tints revive on Britain's walls.

Think not, alone in summer's bright domains,
The naval Muse delights to raise her strains:
Whate'er the clime, or sea, or sky, or air,
That forms the sailor youth, to her is fair.
She views e'en now, by frozen alps afar,
His pale sails wave beneath the polar star:
Mid the keen gales, o'er Zembla's wastes that blow,
He feels the vital stream more vivid flow;
With flying foot and nervous arm invades
The deer that bound along her snowy glades;
The rugged bear's approach undaunted meets,
And drags the beaver from his dark retreats:—
Or, floating mountains round him, dares assail,
In all his force aroused th' indignant whale,
That, scarcely slumbering on the vast profound,
Feels, from his hand, the deep-inflicted wound.

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Waked by the sudden stroke, and wild with pain,
The monster seeks the caverns of the main;
Or vainly writhes and plunges in the tide,
To tear the weapon from his tortured side:
His keen pursuers mark his bleeding way,
And force him, fiercely struggling, into day;
Then furious, as the approaching bands he dares,
And rises careless of unnumbered spears,
While, from his roaring nostrils, on the foes,
A mingled fount of blast and wave he blows,
Th' enormous tail or fins, the waves that lash,
Th' unwary boats in scattered fragments dash;
The helpless crew aloft in ruin hurl,
Or drag beneath the wave in dreadful whirl:
Still unappalled, the seamen ply each oar,
And, each protended lance is stained with gore;
Wound follows wound: he dives again below,
And seeks short respite from th' unwearied foe,
In vain. Unto the surface still compelled,
Exhausted, and by forceful toils upheld,
He spouts ensanguined streams. The foe retires,
While, on the wave, th' enormous prey expires.

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If this be savage pastime, come and share,
Who 'poorly triumph o'er the timid hare;'
Who, deaf to glory, build a barbarous fame,
On cruel conquests o'er defenceless game!
We boast no pleasure merely to destroy;
Fair Commerce vindicates our bold employ:
In these wild sports, upon the watery field,
The sea-boy's nerves are strung, his heart is steeled;
And his young arm, that now scarce wields the lance,
Ere long shall join to quell the rage of France!

Still in the north, with barbarous splendor gay,
Where months revolve beneath the unsetting ray,
Let Pleasure boast her sports on frozen plains;
Or in these realms, where boundless summer reigns,
Serenely sheltered from the incessant glare,
Beguile her days amidst unclouded air;
And, rich in wanton beauty, dance, and song,
In odorous bowers, her festive nights prolong:—
Yet fix not, Heaven, my seat! For foreign skies,
Shall I forget my native soil to prize?
For all that 'Ind or Ormus' can bestow,
The fond emotion would I now forego,

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Up springing when the mandates reach mine ear,
That bid the freighted vessel homeward steer?
No. Let me distant regions still explore,
And waft their various wealth to Britain's shore,
There to repose, my naval wanderings past,
And peace and competence be mine at last.—

Again the sails before the breezes swell:
Friends of these hospitable shores, farewell!
Your scenes, that sweet urbanities endear,
The seaman's pensive hour shall oft-times cheer;
And grateful guests your sterling worth record,
Remembered long, at many a distant board.—

Homeward, his joyful course the seaman keeps,
And o'er a track immense of ocean sweeps;
Again round Afric's southern cape he rides,
Driven by rude blasts, or borne on whirling tides;
Now, mid stupendous billows' ceaseless roar,
The tempest, scarce unwelcome, scuds before;
Or, haply, moors his labouring bark awhile,
Beneath the shelter of that wonderous isle,

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Whose pendent mountains seem, on mountains piled,
A wreck of nature on the unfathomed wild:
Yet, sweet repose amidst her vales he finds,
Till heaves the tranquil wave to gentler winds;
Then, wafted by their breath, again he runs
Beneath the blaze of equatorial suns.—
Long is the watery track, and home afar,
Yet southward rolls, at length, the fiery car;
No longer downward dart the scorching rays,
But the cool ambient air refreshing plays;
His masts projecting, as the moments roll,
A lengthening shade towards the northern pole:
While each mild evening, to his gladdened view,
Successive stars their well-known beams renew,
And up the Heavens he sees Bootes' team,
Wheel, in wide arching track, o'er ocean's stream:—
Then, as he sounds, and, by the adhesive sand,
Precisely notes his distance from the land,
Low in th' horizon, through the gloom of night,
Beams on his eye a solitary light;
As sudden lost; then far along the main,
The orb, revolving, shoots its blaze again,

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Till dawn discloses Scilly, rising steep,
In craggy groupes, above the circling deep.—

The land is made; the sailor's care subsides;
Awhile complacent by the shore he glides,
Of the lone isle permitted long, by fate,
To pine, neglected by her parent state;
To rear, unknown, her barren summits vast,
In sullen grandeur to th' Atlantic blast;
To stretch her rocks amid the stormy wave,
Scaring the trembling fleets her bays would save.
Now, mid the dangerous mazes of that isle,
Cheered by her guardian Prince's fostering smile,
Grateful, he views the solid mole ascend,
The friendly port its arms capacious bend;
And thronging masts and sails, and naval bands,
And crowds, industrious, spreading o'er her strands;
And cultured fields, and herds, and flocks around;
And safety reign, where erst destruction frowned.

As eastward now the rapid vessel flies,
Bold from the wave, we see the Lizard rise;

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Whose dark grey points, Cornubia's western bound,
O'erlook the flood, with chalky watch-towers crowned:
These fast retreating next we lose; and clear
Upon our bow, the Dodman's cliffs appear;
Then frowns the rocky Ram: beyond is seen
The lofty Bolt, the Eddystone between.—
Hither, when from th' Antilles, furious sweeps
The tempest dire, incensing all the deeps,
Unable to resist th' etherial pow'r,
Before his boisterous breath the waters roar:
Wave whelmed on wave, in long succession hurled,
The liquid squadrons of the western world!
Here mounting, charged with long increasing force,
Meet the vast pile obtruded in their course.
Fixed on her adamantine base, the rock,
Abrupt, unmoved, receives th' enormous shock;
Fierce, o'er her fiery cupola, the main
Breaks to the skies! Her fires unquenched remain;
And gild the horrors round!—Compared with these,
Mild are the furies of Trinacria's seas;
Her monsters tame, or, plunged in caverns dark,
Their howlings scarce alarm the feeble bark.

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Tired of the dainties every clime supplies,
To form 'unreal wants' while Luxury tries,
And, to the shore descending, faint, inhales
The vivid freshness of the ocean-gales,
Musing awhile, perhaps, with vacant eye,
She marks the home-bound vessel scudding by;
And restless feigns, beneath her splendid dome,
The needs of naval wanderers long from home.
Vainly she mixes with the home-bound crew:
She ne'er the simply-wholesome viand knew;
She never felt, with zest like theirs, to taste
The garden's green, the dairy's rich repast;
Nor, long sojourning on a foreign strand,
To deem each native prospect fairy land.—

Yes, fairy land! Such to my raptured view
Devonia's coast, with beauties ever new.
See, from her fertile pastures sloping down,
The rugged Start protends its summits brown;
Then, bright with all the glowing tints of day,
Th' extended landscapes of the Western-Bay:

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Where Isca's stream, from soft meanders round
The mouldering walls in days of yore renowned,
Through vales luxuriant, of perennial green,
Rolls to the sea, her 'fractured hills' between.—
Dear scenes of youth adieu! I faint discern
Your vermeil headlands sink too fast astern.

Wide from the shore we now our course incline
Where Portland stands projected in the brine;
Then, flitting fast by Dorset's iron coast,
With jutting rocks and beetling cliffs embossed,
Raise the fair Island, crowned with golden grain,
Whose arms old Ocean's giant force restrain;
In whose wide roads, where tempests idly beat,
From war reposing rides BRITANNIA'S fleet.
Here the tired seaman, worn by fell disease,
Or long uncheering cruize on wintry seas,
Culls every grateful bud that Spring bestows,
And health imbibes from every breeze that blows;
Or tracing, slow, Medina's winding stream,
Sinks on the velvet bank to rapturous dream.

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Onward we press; and o'er the blue expanse
In distant prospect ken the shores of France;
Far on the left, through evening's closing shade
On Beachy's cliffs the rays of twilight fade;
A few faint beams yet streak old Dover's brow,
Reflected in the darkening flood below;
And with the last gleams of departing day,
The western breezes gently sink away.—
While rapid, round the Foreland pours the tide,
Here anchoring, let us long securely ride:
Here, while each wearied eye is sunk in sleep,
Be mine the solitary watch to keep;
Yet not alone:—at midnight's solemn hour,
I hold high converse with the shades of yore;
O'er yon high ridge, in Fancy's magic glass,
View the stern forms of feudal grandeur pass;
Or from his cliff, led by the muse of fire,
I hear her favoured SHAKESPEARE sweep the lyre;
And wish, while listening to th' immortal strain,
One spark to light my wanderings on the main!—

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The morning dawns; we weigh; and with the flood,
Glide o'er the Downs where Goodwin's castle stood;
That sunk, yet still repress the rushing tide,
Whose chafing breakers scarce their summits hide.
Here, oft, the bark, by storms pursuing tost,
Her anchors gone, her guiding rudder lost,
The Kentish mariners, alert to save,
Spread the low sail and ride the mountain-wave.
From childhood trained the rising blast to court,
Their pastime in the billows, storms their sport,
Full oft, in daring efforts, rudely great,
The foundering wrecks they board, defying fate!

Up springs the eastern gale. We stem thy tide,
Old Thames! imperial current, Albion's pride!
On thy paternal stream Adventure spreads
Her sail, and Plenty ever crowns thy meads,
That, gently sloping, meet the woodland scene,
Touched with the purest tints of vernal green:
The foliage high, in front, of darkest shade,
The opening vista near, and sunny glade;

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And oft, where taste with chastened art combines,
In transient view, retired, the mansion shines;
And harvests wave, and glittering spires appear
In gay succession, as we swiftly steer.—
The passing sail more frequent to our eyes,
Behold, at length, of masts, a forest rise;
Where Industry, with bold unwearied hand,
Scoops the vast docks, receding from the strand;
And proudly moors, secure from every wind,
Her fleets, with treasures fraught, from either Ind:
Yet, scarce the seaman's nicest art avails,
In wheeling course, to shun the countless sails
Of every realm, whose gorgeous ensigns beam
From rival barks, that jostling crowd the stream.

. . . . . .

Here bright AUGUSTA, from her throne sublime,
Sees, at her feet, the gifts of every clime;
And Commerce at her side exulting stand,
And Freedom, pouring blessings round the land.
Fairest of Cities! famed through many an age!
Long may thy glories fill the historic page:

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Long may thy sons, for liberal traffic known,
Thy produce boldly bear to every zone!
Dear to thy fostering King, and matchless laws,
Long may thy power sustain their sacred cause!
Long, for unsullied faith, thy merchants' fame,
Midst envying states, its proud precedence claim!

The voyage o'er, forgot my every toil,
With filial joy I press my native soil:
And welcome friends, and home and genial ease,
Till roused to new adventures on the seas.

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

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NAVAL LIFE.

EDITION SECOND.

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ARGUMENT.

AS the First Canto comprised, chiefly, objects which arise in, or are connected with the general employment of the Mariner; so the Second is confined to those occurring more particularly in the course of public Naval Duty.

War.—Naval Captain called from rural retirement.—Fitting for Sea.—Instance of extraordinary exertions on this occasion.—Sailing.—Joining the British squadron on the hostile coast.—Digression in praise of the beauty and grandeur of a fleet.—Amusements of the Seamen during a blockade.—Sailors' library.—Orlope.—Midshipmen's berths.—Church at Sea.—Walk with the Doctor.—Walk with the first Lieutenant.—Marines and their officers.—Notice of Captains.—Cruize.—Enemy's ship seen at day-break.—Sail made in chace.—Manœuvres.—Capture.—Return to port.—Royalty.—Repose.—Vicissitudes of a life of adventure.—Shipwreck and Sequel.—Irregular Pleasures reprobated.

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Pleasures of the Naval Life.

CANTO II.

Quo nos cunque feret melior fortuna parente
Ibimus, O socii, comitesque.——
Cras ingens iterabimus Æquor.

Hor.

NO more the milder Pleasures of the Main,
By Commerce cherished in her golden reign,
Delight.—The Fiend of War, malignant, waves
His flaming standard, and tumultuous raves:
While Gaul, to frenzy fired, his trumpet sounds,
And breathes dismay through Europe's utmost bounds.
With carnage flushed, in boundless pride elate,
Thy throne, fair Liberty! inviolate,
She dares invade: she dares contest, in vain,
The fate-bound empire of the deep again.

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She dares?—Th' insulting sound o'er Albion flies;
And Peace on trembling pinions seeks the skies!—

Called from the groves that fringe the embosomed lake,
Whose ripples hardly on the margin break,
The Naval Captain, long retired on shore,
Who deemed to hear the battle's din no more,
But reared his cottage midst o'er-arching trees,
And woo'd with pigmy sail the summer breeze,
Obedient to the destined port repairs;
And joins the valiant friends of former years.
In vain a consort's tears implore his stay,
Nor filial, nor paternal ties delay;
To turn, in vain each tender passion woos,
His country's voice each softer plea subdues.—
But lo, his solace!—from the busy strand
Appears th' unrivalled object of command,
The ship he wished, but scarce could hope to gain,
Admired and sought by all the warlike train;
Nor, less admired or wished, his hardy crew,
And their brave leaders, each a seaman true!

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And say, dear messmate! whose judicious care
Untired, o'erlooks the neatly-fitted gear,
May these unequal numbers, faintly, trace
Thy labours in their order, form, and place?
What time the frigate to the wharf made fast,
With but a girtline pendent from each mast;
And every man thy active genius swayed,
His utmost powers of skill and strength displayed:
While through the port, their bold attempt inspired
The crews that saw, applauded, and admired.—

The starboard side precedence then demands:
The order given, up fly the ready hands,
And first, the pendants, gliding swift o'er head,
On parcelled bolsters fix, with tar bespread;
Then follows quick, of shrouds the foremost pair,
Down on the pendants placed with nicest care;
Alternate shroud on shroud, as fast ascends,
And, settled firmly, from the mast depends;
Each well-adapted part secure they lay,
The whole surmounted by the faithful stay.

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Meantime, on deck, attend a numerous train,
And vex the stubborn cords with many a strain;
The shrouds their dead-eyes now turned in, receive;
The stays their hearts; the lanniards next they reeve;
To set up all, then brisk applies the band,
And strength and order thus go hand in hand.

The girtlines manned again, they sway the tops
High o'er the mast; then launch, and cut the stops;
While this the guy, the girtline that attends,
Gently into its place the top descends;
There, bolted firm, a level platform lies,
Where many a daring youth impatient hies.

The mast-ropes to the top-masts bent, below,
The sailors man, a long extended row;
The caps, already placed in order due,
Cheerly they sway, and point the topmasts through,
Those lashed awhile, again the masts they rear,
That to their posts their future guardians bear;
The pine ascends, with cap and cross-trees graced;
Pendants, shrouds, backstays, stays, successive placed,

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And firmly fidded seems to stretch on high,
A column fair, that might the winds defy.—
Gradual as now, the thick'ning structure grows,
And the task lessens, light their labour flows.
To the top-gallant-masts the top-ropes bent,
They sway them to their place, in swift ascent;
Where junior sailors o'er the work preside,
And range the slender gear on either side.

As these, industrious, rig the masts on high,
In groupes upon the bowsprit, others ply
Their labours, still progressive; while, between,
Hearts, collars, blocks, for ready stays are seen;
The shrouds, on either bow, in angle wide;
The bobstays firm, that every pitch abide;
The circling gammon, turn on turn boused taut,
Through artful purchase to the capstan brought;
Each lashing, too, in imitative strain,
By spanish-windlass heaved, with strength amain.—

Then, slow projecting, through the cap appears
Th' elastic boom, the swelling jib that bears;

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Guys, travellers, blocks, and horses, as it glides,
Spring from its end, and spread along its sides.

Now all their blocks, the crew, with lashings sure
Affix, and every shroud and stay secure;
The top-ropes bent once more, and stretched they lay,
And ready rigged the yards aloft they sway;
From busy swarming hands, aloft, below,
Braces, lifts, parrels, trusses, round them grow;
Then all the rigging taut, the yards all square,
On high the glittering pendant streams in air.—

Say, must the bard, who these rude labours sings,
Lament the native roughness of his strings?
No.—For the landsmen, crowding to the strand,
He sees delighted and enquiring stand;
Each nautic phrase attracts their eager ear,
Explained, with pride, by stripling seamen near:
And haply, often shall the rural squire
Recount, complacent, at his wintry fire,
He saw a frigate to the wharf made fast,
With but a girtline pendant from each mast,

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(Such was our vessel) at the dawning day,
And rigged complete beneath the noon-tide ray:
Then to her yards the ready canvas brought,
And her dark ports with ponderous cannon fraught,
At eve, equipped with every warlike store,
She left the port, and sought the hostile shore!

The proud atchievements these of discipline,
Where skill, obedience, method, all combine!
Efforts like these, to other fleets unknown,
The royal ships of Albion boast alone:—
E'en those that India's wealth o'er ocean bear,
Inferior scarce in bulk and warlike air,
Mann'd with the choicest crews of peaceful days,
Dare not such tasks, though lured by gold or praise!

Come, Memory! cast thy retrospective eye
O'er faded scenes, and years long since gone by;
Restore each day, with expectation bright,
That gave the western cruise unnamed delight.—
Again I hear the boatswain's thrilling call,
Again behold the topsails wide let fall,

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O'er the huge capstan lively airs resound,
And the brisk seamen cheering dance it round,
Their labour turned to pastime: from below,
Their anchors rise successive to the bow;
The ready sails ascend, and, verging fast
Astern, to sea the willing ship they cast:
While, as she, swiftly gliding, clears the land,
A host of parting friends o'erspread the strand;
Shouts of anticipated triumphs swell
The freshening breeze, and breathe a gay farewell!

Mild evening closes round. The watch is set.
In peaceful slumber, some their toils forget:
While those on deck appointed to preside,
Conduct the silent course along the tide,
Until, in turn, relieved: thus, lingering, wears
The waning night, and rosy morn appears;
And shows, in warlike pomp, the naval hosts
That spread their sails round Gallia's trembling coasts.

Let others boast the forms sublime to know,
That from each nice proportioned order flow,

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Reared by Palladio's classic hand: be mine,
To praise the grandeur of the naval line.
Give me its various figures to descry,
In long perspective, with unsated eye:
The first-rate's giant strength, and castled form,
That courts the battle, and derides the storm;
Or, proud in seventy-four wide ports, advance
Those ships that brave the triple tiers of France;
The long low frigate's yellow streak incline,
Beneath her canvas, to the waving brine;
The brig, that scarcely o'er the billow rides,
But, bounding, plunges through the foaming tides:
While, 'mid the squall, the cutter, luffing gay,
Sports in th' impelling blast that wings her way.—
Behold the pillar'd domes that pierce the skies,
Where chaste proportion all her charms supplies!
The grace of motion, still, to these denied,
Go, view the fabrics towering on the tide!
Gilt with bright beams, through amber clouds above,
Along the breezy main they more than move;
Their movements majesty and force combine,
And seem to breathe intelligence divine!

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To meet the hostile fleets, with fierce delight
The seaman burns, and hails the hour of fight:
Not thus he views his country's flag displayed;
Day after day, in hopeless long blockade.
The tedious watch in lagging sameness wears;
The journal still its same dull record bears;
The wonted headland notes, or fort, or tower,
And squadron veering at the stated hour:
While, in her ports, proud Gaul, unblushing, shews
The flag she fears to send against her foes.—

But here, lest indolence with soft controul,
Unnerve the arm, or damp the generous soul,
Each prudent chief enjoins the pleasures meet,
And mixes duty with amusement sweet.
Far from fastidious eye, or critic ear,
Th' unpolished naval pantomimes appear:
The gladsome tars, in noisy frolic, form
A laughing army, and the castle storm;
Or at the fiddle's mirth-exciting sound,
Through jig or reel, with rattling footsteps bound;

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In the fore-top the miller grinds his grist,
Declares no toll shall stick within his fist;
Th' unpractised hands of dealings fair assures,
And soon a listening company allures;
Then breaks the dam; the mill-streams wide o'erflow,
And drench th' unwary circle far below:
And once I saw, 'midst peals of laughter loud,
A general, soused among the dripping crowd,
Who quaintly whispered, on his moist parade,
'He'd caught a novel hint for ambuscade.'—
The barber too, with hand unsparing, laves
The customer he charitably shaves.

Nor these rough sports, alone, the seaman shares,
The sock, or buskin, proudly, oft he wears;
And, not unfrequent, on our floating stage,
Midst living scenes, from SHAKESPEARE's magic page,
Presents to audience, that admiring view,
The word and action both to Nature true!

Let me not pass those humble joys unseen,
That often lurk, retired, the decks between:

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The foremost messes circling joined to hear
Th' adventures of the roving Buccanneer;
Another tar, that owns th' Arabian Nights,
With marvels huge his wondering friends delights;
The soldiers, ANNA's glorious annals charm,
When MARLBORO stretched o'er France his conquering arm:
Much in request, with them, the Champions stand,
Who spread their country's fame in Paynim land:
While a drear Chronicle to all displays
The fatal fruits of early wicked ways.

The humble orlop, too, the Muse shall sing,
The scene whence BRITAIN's naval heroes spring:
I hail the starboard, or the larboard berth,
The habitations famed of ease and mirth.
While at their board the social circle sits,
Through various subjects quick the converse flits:
Who, for contested boroughs stood, last year,
And whether pine and hemp are still so dear;
If PINDAR's poetry were not divine;
And who with HOWE upset the Gallic line.—

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No proud superior here contemptuous frowns,
Superior none the little senate owns;
The youngest e'en his proposition frames,
And equal right to free discussion claims.—
Here, Europe oft from cruel chains is freed;
Here, wholesome checks to restless France decreed;
Here, oft are blamed the rulers of the land,
For ways and measures which they never planned;
Here, leaders, strict on deck, no longer feared,
Are tried, acquitted, or condemned, unheard:—
Nay, e'en the chief, whose flag the squadron bears,
Is sometimes judged by others than his peers.

Hard by, their strains sad, interrupted, slow,
In unison, two flutes lugubrious blow;
Or, in a corner, crowned with fancied bays,
A wight inspired vociferates his lays;
Sometimes applauded loud, as often vext
By critics near who slyly mar the text.

Yet have I dwelt an orlop-berth within,
Where mirth unseemly never raised her din.

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The pupils, there, to early method trained,
Their various aims by easy steps attained.
Their studies modelled on the master's plan,
(An able master and a faultless man!)
Of those unmixed in duty with the crew,
The hours till noon were EUCLID's serious due;
The purser too, who learning dearly prized,
Softened their labours, and their tasks revised.
The grounds of naval science now explored,
The mimic bark they built, and rigged, and stored:
Thus sweetly wore the time. At evening's close,
Ere each in humble hammock sought repose,
Amid th' enquiring circle open laid,
Th' historic tome its pages rich displayed;
And music then, in study's sober hour
That dared not breathe, bestowed her soothing power:
Till fervent prayer concludes the well-spent day,
To Him whose voice the winds and waves obey!

In childhood, ere I faced the ocean-blast,
Deep in the rural vale my days were past.

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Soft sleep the pastor, long to earth consigned,
Whose sweet instruction formed my youthful mind,
Who fixed my ardent hopes above the skies,
And all that shines below forbad to prize!
Oft on the main, the busy crew apart,
His cheering influence freshens on my heart:
In silent meditation I retire,
Sigh for the Sabbath bells, and village spire.

Yet, in high-vaulted church, or cloistered cell,
Fair Piety not always deigns to dwell.
With ALBION's fleets, on angel wing she flies,
And builds her temple oft where tempests rise.
Each seventh-day rises on the deck's broad plane,
In structure neat, the temporary fane;
No gothic arches boasts the decent pile,
No fretted roof nor long protracted aisle;
Yet the stretched ensign, wide above displayed,
Cathedral dimness sheds, and solemn shade,
Tempering the blaze of day, intensely bright,
To many a mingled ray of grateful light.

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Hither the crew, arrayed in decent vest,
Repair, and hail returned the day of rest;
Join with their chiefs, the holy rite to share,
And kneel before their common LORD in prayer.
Here might I, too, depict my reverend friend,
Nor such retiring virtue dare offend?
As, rapt in expectation mute, the band
Behold their venerable preacher stand,
Prepared the Christian duties to define
With the pure eloquence of Truth divine.—
Thus energetic, 'mid the stormy flood,
High on the Roman prow, the Apostle stood;
In faith elate; proclaiming to the host
Not one of all their numbers should be lost!

Oft let me, too, at morning hours, be near
The sick man's friend, immersed in useful care:
Serious, yet cheerful; of unruffled mind;
Fixed in his purpose; resolute, yet kind;
Humane in manners; blest with steady skill,
That traces to its source each latent ill.

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See, as he walks his round in sober state,
And anxious expectations on him wait,
Neatness and order follow in his train,
Attend his beck, and smooth the couch of pain.
With unobtrusive eye, yet glancing keen,
Th' acute expression scarce a moment seen,
He marks as flitting o'er the averted cheek,
His torture though the sufferer scorns to speak:
While danger claims the firm unshrinking hand,
He softens anguish with attentions bland,
And haply mingles praise. Thrice grateful sound!
The sweetest balm that soothes a sailor's wound.

Or where out-stretched, yon form unnervate lies,
While half dissevered seem all earthly ties,
In silent languor on the feverous bed,
Where reason wavering stays, whence hope has fled;—
What trembling joy the death-pale visage shows,
As from his lips th' auspicious presage flows!
A lust'rous beam lights up the vacant eye,
The fleeting visions of despondence fly:

And life, and strength, and circling years, and taste,
Of future bliss, in fancy bright are traced?

But who, through every deck, his footstep bends,
Whose every nod th' obedient crew attends?
While, gaily, each displays, at his behest,
The vestments neat, and well provided chest;
Tables with household store that trimly shine,
And berths where cleanliness and health combine.
No stagnant air, neglected, here offends;
Pure, to the keel, the freshening breeze descends.
The winding nooks remote, and silent shades,
Deep in the hold, his piercing eye pervades;
And lurking damps that ills untold diffuse,
His care forbids to form, or quick subdues.—
His duties thus commenced, with dawning light,
His labour closes but with closing night,
Each grievance ever ready to redress,
As froward wranglers active to repress;
And oft he stands, their venal faults to screen,
The culprits sad, and rigid law, between.

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Their tasks, apportioned to the different bands,
His watchful care assigns, o'erlooks, commands:
If ill-arranged the vessel bear her train,
She boasts her swiftness or her might in vain.
The veteran seamen round the foremast placed,
Would spurn the meaner labours of the waiste;
The forms herculean that the courses tend,
Would, tardily, the burthened shrouds ascend;
While the light youths who, nimbly, mount in air,
Wield not the cannon of the lower tier;
The timid landsman, recent on the wave,
By slow degrees he leads the storm to brave;
The hands, who scarce a seaman's title boast,
In emulation moves from post to post;
Or from the crew the untutored youth selects,
And their rude exercise in arms directs:—
See, as he traverses each bustling tier,
The changing forms of mimic fight appear!
Th' exulting crowd a novel glow inspires,
While, from th' artillery, flash their harmless fires;
They shout, their future hours of combat hail,
And wish a foe in every passing sail!

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While the young sailors thus their tasks pursue,
High, on the poop, the marshalled files I view.
Inured to naval, as to warlike cares,
The bold expedients of the sea are theirs;
Equal the close, embattled rank to form,
Or lend their welcome aid amid the storm;
In every naval fight, alert to dare
The sailor's dangers, and his honours share;
On shore, no less in martial science skilled,
In all the movements of the tented field
They mix, and bear with pride, among the brave,
The laurel wreath their grateful country gave.—
Long, gallant leaders of this gallant race!
Long may your bands our conquering squadrons grace;
And swell, in native realms, or climes afar,
The 'pomp, pride, circumstance,' of glorious war!

Such men the warlike ship of BRITAIN bears:
These are her sailors', those her soldiers' cares;
Auxiliars such as these, on every side,
Her dauntless captain views, with conscious pride;

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Thus, duly trained, one brave pervading soul
Informs the crew, a firm, resistless whole.—
Such could I boast, esteemed associates long;
And such our chief, kind, courteous, friendly, YOUNG!

And thou! with whom my happiest naval days
Too swiftly flowed, accept these grateful lays.
In each important charge thy country gave,
Prompt, unremitting, zealous, stedfast, brave:
Thy efforts all approved:—and from the crew,
Obedience sweet thy every mandate drew,
With care paternal tempering discipline,
OTWAY! these generous pleasures long be thine.—

Nor wilt thou coldly, HAMILTON! refuse
Such decent tribute of the faithful muse;
Skilful thy dignified command to blend
With liberal ease; the martial chief and friend!
Whose partial ear unto her lay inclined,
When erst her timid hand the lyre resigned.
Cheered by thy praise she dared again to sing,
And sweep with renovated fire the string.—

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Destined to cruize, the crew their orders hear
With joy, and on the wide Atlantic steer;
First, for the 'earth's green cape,' their course they keep,
And 'isles Hesperian' blooming o'er the deep,
And taste their golden fruits: thence stretching wide,
They roam a long, long tract of swelling tide;
Discern the rude Azores' craggy coast,
And summits, 'mid surrounding vapours lost;
Then southward turn the prow; with anxious glance
Regard each bark that skims the wide expanse;
And hope, and doubt, meantime, alternate sway
The seaman's mind, and gild, or cloud the day.
Their hopes subside; they cheerless cruize awhile;
At length, one favouring morn rewards their toil!
Lo! with the first faint blush of dawning light,
Th' uncertain sail just gleaming on the sight,
How shrill a note the boatswain's whistles blow,
To rouse the slumbering seamen from below!
'All hands make sail!' at every hatchway sounds,
'All hands make sail!' from stem to stern rebounds;

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As quickly, from below, th' awakened hands,
Swarming on deck, attend their chief's commands:
To tacks and halliards instant these repair,
While those, with eager footsteps, mount in air;
Th' enfolding gear o'erhauled, the braces slack,
Of either course on board they drag the tack;
To leeward next, in emulation fleet,
They run, and haul the less reluctant sheet:
Then quick, their halliards mann'd, their down-hauls clear,
The stay-sails mounting in the wind appear,
And jib, loud flapping, ere by sheets confined,
While far outstretcht the driver swells behind.
Meantime, on every yard the top-men flown,
Their points cast off, and ease their earings down;
Then fast on deck descend, and hoist away,
With cheerful toil, save those aloft who stay,
The clue-lines, bunt-lines, careful to attend,
While unrestrained the swinging yards ascend.
No pause of duty.—At their leader's call,
The youthful hands top-gallant sails let fall;

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These sheeted home, they climb their yards on high,
And set the flying royals in the sky.
Now, sharp their lower yards the seamen brace,
And bring the mark with labour to its place;
Each loftier weather-yard-arm taught to know
Its post, inclines abaft the next below:
But, first their backstays tend the busy throng,
And haul the bowlines taut with cheering song:
Each lift, each guy secure, each leeward brace
They check, and all enraptured urge the chace.
The distant vessel, scarce to flight resigned,
Unfolds her tardy canvas to the wind;
With speed increased her swift pursuer glides,
And o'er the flashing billow mounting rides;
Wide o'er her decks is dashed the foamy spray,
Long in her wake the curling eddies play;
While, fore and aft, her watchful leaders oft
Regard each mast, that trembling bends aloft.—
Soon as abaft the beam the stranger bears,
Th' attentive chacing crew to tack prepares.
'All ready!' gently slides the helm a-lee,
Eased off, the jib and stay-sail sheets they see;

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When in the after-sails no longer plays
The scanty breeze, their tacks and sheets they raise;
Fluttering, the clues ascend before, behind,
Far on the bow they soon perceive the wind:
Then, 'Mainsail haul! A run!' the decks resound,
At once they swing their after-yards around;
Astern the vessel moves with steady pace;
They right the helm, and man each headmost brace:
The head-sails flattened yet against the mast,
Impel the ship, obedient to the blast,
Till full abaft she stops: now, 'haul off all,'
They hear, and brace responsive to the call;
And aft their sheets, and tend with timely care
The shifting cords, and see again all clear.
Thus in successive tacks, to windward ply,
And every board approach the foe more nigh;
The flying ship, to cheat the lingering day,
Each turn evasive seeks, and vain delay;
But as they pass in arduous efforts near,
To leeward rising sable clouds appear,
Of sad portent:—ere-long, appalled she sees
The hostile canvas catch the veering breeze:

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That moment from the wind her speed she tries,
The bowlines gone, the helm a-weather flies;
More swift she bounds along the liquid space
While gently rounded in each weather-brace;
Eased are her tacks, her sheets relaxing flow,
And fresh the breezes on her quarter blow.
The British vessel bears away as fleet,
And steers direct her rival's course to meet.
Up to the tops again the seamen hie,
And, fore and aft, in skill and vigour vie;
Below, to set the studding sails prepared,
And taut the burtons boused on either yard,
Their tacks and halliards briskly down they send,
And quick, in air, their gliding booms protend.
Careful, abaft the topsails, then they guide
The studding sails that up their margin slide.—
Driven to her utmost shift, the chace once more
Varies her course, and steers the wind before;
The watchful foe pursues, with added wings
On either side, and o'er the billow springs;
And the brave crew, inspired with new delight,
Behold the fugitive prepare for fight.

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Their aid her studding-sails no longer lend,
The royals and top-gallants next descend;
Then, of the courses cast off every sheet,
Up mount the ready clues, their yards to meet;
The topsails only swelling in the wind,
The driver closely to the mast confined,
Brailed up her courses, and her yards all slung,
The vessel proudly moves the waves along;
But, as her silent rival draws more near,
Declines the threatened fight, and yields to fear;
Trailed o'er the stern her drooping ensign lies,
With shouts, our victor seamen board their prize.

The prize secured, again the sails ascend,
For native shores our rapid course we bend;
Meantime, our vanquished foes convivial press
Around our board, and share the genial mess,
And all their care forget, in converse gay,
While generous wine beguiles the fleeting day.

The port at length appears; and friends, around,
Welcome our wished return with conquest crowned.

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Where, haply freed from public care awhile,
The gracious monarch of old ALBION's isle,
Wooing coy health, unto her shores retires,
And the pure ether from the wave inspires;
There as he treads the beach at early morn,
And views the foe in naval triumph borne,
Th' applauding Sire embarked, with friendly train,
To grace the victor ship and prize shall deign;
Descending from the pomp of regal state,
Bid the brave chief the adventurous cruise relate;
The youthful leaders greet, with well-earned praise,
Earnest of glory's meed in future days;
While each bold seaman's honest heart beats high,
To catch his passing King's paternal eye.

Th' auspicious cruise complete, a sweet repose
From naval toil the warlike seaman knows;
Till each endearing solace long enjoyed,
With every charm of home refreshed, not cloyed,
Imperious duty calls again to range,
And fan the flame of life, by frequent change.—

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Portentous change! to humble human pride,
What perils on the wings of Fortune ride!
Again, to sea th' impatient vessel flies;
Again, the hostile shores before her rise;
Her crew, with hopes of future conquests, burn
In vain:—their fated prow shall ne'er return!

Slow, through Contentment's calm sequestered vales,
The stream of life with gentle current steals;
Reflects the flowers that on its margin blow,
Yet, 'mid those flowers, at length, scarce seems to flow:
But o'er Adventure's rugged steep descends,
Bright with each hue the varied surface lends,
And, boldly rushing through its rocky course,
Now lost, now seen, yet sparkles from its source.—
While those who bask at ease in Fortune's beam
Complacent sip the vale's unruffled stream,—
With the brave seaman let me slake my thirst
At those pure waves that from the mountain burst!—
Come, then, ye storms, ye nights of darkness, hail!
On sable wings approach, thou roaring gale!

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Give to review those hours of ceaseless care;
Bring back that dreary night of toil severe,
That saw us long, in vain, our efforts ply,
To weather leeward shores, alas! too nigh:
Ere morning's splendours round our bark were flung,
On wave-encircled summits trembling hung,
While ebbing from her rifted frame, the tide
Disclosed the rocky caverns yawning wide;
Till, rising with the western blast, once more
Its billows o'er us burst, in hideous roar.—
Then SEARLE! midst tempest, as in combat, bold,
Whose mind no form of peril e'er controuled,
'Twas thine a band deserving thee to lead;
Companions firm thy sage command obeyed:
Amid the conflict dire of wind and wave,
The mingled horrors of their state they brave;
Each desperate duty emulous they share,
And trust their safety to their Captain's care.—
" O friends! oft destined dangers to abide,
" Still be the British seaman's boast and pride,
" Though fixed in Heaven his hopes, unawed, to try
" Each effort human prudence can supply."

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And now th' uplifting surge, with giant shock,
Dashes again the vessel on the rock.
Hark! 'tis her crashing beams! her timbers part!
From her wrung sides the planks, half bursting, start!
" Yet to your charge be true; and nobly wait,
" Fixed at your posts, th' unknown resolve of fate."—
" And are our mighty labours urged in vain?
" Say, can her frame another shock sustain?"—
" Yes, though again with tenfold fury rave
" The surge, no feeble hand is stretched to save."
Lo, through the scene of peril and dismay,
A Heaven-directed sail explores her way!—
With hopes revived, amid the bounding tide
They plunge amain, and climb her friendly side;
And own Eternal Mercy's boundless care,
And pour their ardent souls in silent prayer.—

A bliss more pure can human bosoms know?
A bliss more pure can Heaven itself bestow?
Hark, the low rumour spreads along the shore,
" The bark is lost. Her hands, ALL hands no more!"—

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The widowed dame, in clamorous sorrow wild,
Strains to her breast th' affrighted orphan child;
Then, on her lonely couch, in speechless woe
Absorbed, she lies; her tears forget to flow.
Intrusive Memory visions bright supplies,
And bids the past in fairy colours rise;
But sudden calls stern Reason to resume
The hour, and wrap the future all in gloom!—
Her griefs subsiding in perturbed sleep,
A short-lived pause! she wakes again to weep;
In all the dreadful shade of mournful thought,
Before her eyes her much loved consort brought,
Struggles awhile resistless fate to brave,
Then sinks, convulsed, amid th' o'erwhelming wave!
Hark! 'tis the village clock strikes ONE; it breaks
The midnight silence. How her bosom shakes!
While to her awe-struck ear, its doleful chime
Bespeaks him far beyond the flight of time!—
Thus, in sad musings wears each heavy night;
No more the morn domestic tasks delight;
When lingering evening twilight brings along,
Pensive she walks the whispering reeds among;

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Fast by the river's brink; and heaves the sigh,
Responsive to the breeze that rustles by;
Mixed with the stifled sob, and labouring groan,
Her accents break, "he's gone! for ever gone!"—
What shadowy figures thwart the dusk appear?
What music, wakening, fills her startled ear?
"Hush, lovely mourner! bid thy sorrows cease;
"'Tis mine to sooth thy woes, to bring thee peace!"

Comes some celestial wanderer from on high,
To wipe the tear, to hush the struggling sigh?
Ah, not more welcome, from the realms above,
An angel to the breast of bleeding love!
'Tis he; 'tis his dear form, his well known face!
Ecstatic silence crowns the warm embrace:
While Heaven propitious smiles, approving views
Their bliss, and all their blissful hours renews.

Pleasures like these the Muse delights to sing:
To these she consecrates her trembling string.
Not hers the midnight orgies of the port,
The senseless riot, and the lawless sport;

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Not hers that nauseous theme, the grog-filled bowl,
Whose poisonous juice illusive saps the soul;
And o'er the British tar's meridian day,
Spreads the dire gloom of premature decay.—

Youths of the sea! for you her numbers flow,
Who those select, those purer pleasures know,
Which leave no sting in that tremendous hour,
When Nature sinks, and Time shall be no more!

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

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NAVAL LIFE.

CURTIS CHILD.

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ARGUMENT.

IN this Canto the Author, after adverting to the critical state of Europe, assumes as a continuation of his subject, the Pleasures of the Naval Chiefs of Britain, in a brief recital of their glorious exertions during the present hostilities.

Notice of Sir Edward Pellew's successes, the earliest in the War.—Earl Howe.—Lord Hotham.—Allusion to the destruction of the French fleet and forts at Toulon, by Lord Hood.— Honourable William Cornwallis.—Lord Bridport.—Earl of Saint Vincent.—Lord Camperdown.— Sir John Borlase Warren.— Sir Sidney Smith.— Sir James Saumarez.—Blockade of Brest.—Lord Gardner.—Notice of fortunate expeditions in general.—Digressive view of the shores famed in ancient poetry, and reflections.—Return to the subject.—Combined fleets steering for the West Indies, and encounter with Sir Robert Calder on their return.—Sir Richard John Strachan.—Sir John Thomas Duckworth.—Lord Gambier.—Lord Cochrane.—Lord Nelson.—Lord Collingwood.—Earl of Northesk.—Tribute to private Friendship.—Concluding reflections.

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Pleasures of the Naval Life.

CANTO III.

Quos, et benigno numine Jupiter
Defendit, et curæ sagaces
Expediunt per acuta belli.

HOR.

STILL outraged Europe mourns, in silent dread,
Her honours torn, her independence fled;
And sees, while round her heroes fall in vain,
Ambition, beckoning all his frantic train,
From realm to realm advance with giant stride,
And ALBION dare alone to check his pride:
Her supplicating eye, with sanguine tears
Suffused, she lifts, and only not despairs.—
And slumbers, CLARENCE! now, thy dreaded blade
That Lagos, trembling, first beheld displayed?

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To rear the mast, to trim the expanded sail,
To bid the helm amid the storm prevail,
Was thine; the labouring seaman's art and care,
Then with his Prince the tar would proudly share:—
In higher duties if thou list to shine,
No chief more skilful in the embattled line.
What spell restrains thee? In thy native might
Arise, and conquer in thy father's right!—
Let not BRITANNIA, while the exulting strain
Hails thy compatriot friends upon the main,
Avert her eye; or blushing hear the song,
That should unto her darling son belong.

Warriors, attend! who round your country's coast,
In glory spread your sails, a matchless host;
Who bid her wakened wrath in thunder roll,
And bear her conquering cross to either pole;
Far to transcend the fame of ancient days,
Yours be the pleasure:—mine to sing your praise!—

PELLEW! her sons to victory doomed to guide,
Whose valour fettered fortune to thy side,

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When war, with terrors armed, resumed the wave,
To thee her earliest, brightest wreaths she gave;
And ALBION, in thy bold example blest,
Felt on their arm her future triumphs rest.

On Biscay's undulating swell, behold,
Unnumbered flags the ruffling winds unfold!
From GAUL again the vaunting navy pours;
Exulting clamours echo through her shores.
To seek the foe th' impatient seamen speed,
Whose force untamed so oft has bid them bleed.
The foe appears; bright shines the morning ray;
They hail the war, regret each short delay:
Lo! HOWE descends, and gives the promised fight;
Their dreams of conquest melt in shameful flight.
Their dreadful foe he comes; as when with HAWKE,
In prime of manhood fierce their line he broke,
Rushed on their bold SUPERBE, and in the main,
Resistless whelmed her heroes, brave in vain.

Nor dreaded less, where Provence stretches wide
Her fair domain, the British squadrons ride,

And frequent drive around the shores disgraced,
Their scattered ships from partial combats chaced;
Escaped, appalled, they seek their harbour nigh;
But HOOD and danger follow as they fly.
Short is the pause; destruction o'er them lowers;
On fleets and forts devouring flame he pours:
While bleeding treachery mourns her broken vows,
And deprecates the wrath she dared to rouse.

And asks proud GAUL "revenge," with strepent breath?
Behold CORNWALLIS! haste and snatch the wreath.
His little fleet within thy grasp survey.
Thine ire he shuns not. Sweep him from the sea!
Come with o'erwhelming force; and now draw near
Th' expecting chief; approach his awful rear?
And is thine ardor at his aspect quelled?
Fly, then, nor wield thine arms until compelled.

Too soon compelled. Ill-omened breezes blow
The Gallic ships descry an equal foe;

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Another HOOD appears; his flag on high
Advances swift; they tremble, and they fly;
Speed to their blushing ports th' inglorious way,
And leave their rear th' insulting victor's prey.—

The laurels on Saint Vincent's cape I trace,
Destined the British seaman's brow to grace.
Behold, prepared, his little dauntless fleet,
Outnumbering foes, and giant barks to meet;
Which, proud of force superior, held their way
Along the silver flood, in loose array.—
That loose array th' observant chief beheld,
And all the hero in his bosom swelled;
He seized the bold occasion ere it fled,
And through the line his eager phalanx led.
IBERIA's genius bends before his power;
And veils her face and seeks the sheltering shore.

Tranquil, amid the mild domestic scene,
As dreadful, in the combats of the main,
Of BRITAIN's northern sons the pride and boast,
See DUNCAN awe BATAVIA's humbled coast;

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Whose soil, with patriot-blood oft drenched in vain,
Now groans beneath a fierce usurper's chain.
Vain, vain, of frail presumptuous man the pride!
His wayward hosts deserting from his side,
Deep heaved his heart, along that humbled shore
To view the foe, and wish the fight no more.
Yet, while one faithful crew alone remains,
With soul unchanged his post he still maintains;
Lifts to the LORD of Hosts a suppliant eye,
And trusts, if not to combat, ne'er to fly.
That Power propitious to his prayer inclined,
And chased delusion from each seaman's mind.
Returned, at length, his brave repentant bands,
In renovated strength the hero stands:
Nor long, ere rising to his gladdened eyes,
BATAVIA's ensign of defiance flies.
No distant war her hardy seamen wage,
But patient waiting, dare the battle's rage,
And hope, still mindful of their old renown,
To tear the gems from ALBION's naval crown.—
In vain. At once their leader's hopes to quell,
The British sails before the breezes swell;

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The hostile squadrons close: from van to rear,
The deaf'ning thunders burst upon his ear;
Through all his broken line, a dreadful view!
The prostrate masts each blood-stained deck bestrew:
His breast with anguish heaves; he turns his face,
And yields the palm;—but yields without disgrace.

Blest in perpetual bloom, where, bold and steep,
The Emerald Island gems the western deep,
Her guardian squadrons, round, that proudly ride,
Behold a hero, loved of fortune, guide!
With winged speed he meets th' invading foe,
Arrests his arm and stops the downward blow:
While ERIN's harp bestows, in grateful lays,
The hero's sweetest meed,—a nation's praise!

Hark! from Canopus' floods to Syria's shore,
The Muse still hears the battle's thunder roar!
Say, does she view renewed the bold Crusade,
And CŒUR DE LION wave his dreadful blade?
Yes! where the storm of war its fury pours
O'er trembling ACRE's old devoted towers,

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Blazes the cannon on the mouldering wall;
The feeble ramparts totter to their fall;
In fragments crushed, before each fiery blow,
The cumberous ruin fills the fosse below;
And GALLIA's chief beholds, in fancy's eye,
Triumphant o'er the mosque his standard fly!—
E'en in the hour of sacred truce, the pause,
Which war, with carnage tired, reluctant knows,
Through the wide breach, o'er crowds of kindred dead,
He bids his cohorts urge their desperate tread.
Thus, to his foe, the crouching tyger creeps,
As, lulled in short repose, the lion sleeps.—
Roused, in the crowded breach, their raging foes,
With equal rage the sons of OTHMAN close.
In vain they charge; their courage nought avails.—
They charge again; the strenuous effort fails.
Repulsed they turn, unknowing yet to yield,
Receding slowly from the well-fought field:
While, oft reverting to the friendly main,
They turn their anxious eyes, nor turn in vain.
SIDNEY! a name, to Britons ever dear!
Another CŒUR DE LION lifts the spear;

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Arranged in hasty phalanx, from the strand,
In rapid march, he leads his fearless band;
And wields the cross and crescent powers combined,
To check the lawless foe of human-kind!—
Full in their fierce career, his legions feel
Th' appalling shock; his columns loosened reel;
His gloomy soul with tenfold fury burns;
And shame, and rage, convulse his frame by turns.
The rash attack repeated oft in vain,
As oft he sees the ramparts heaped with slain;
The warrior-seamen all his force withstand,
And dare his direst efforts hand to hand.
Rout follows headlong rout; in deep dismay,
He yields, at last, the long disputed day.—
Doomed to retrace his steps o'er scorching plains,
No wounded hand his eager flight restrains;
The bleeding soldiers, on the breach reclined,
Their safety in a conqueror's pity find:—
Who joins his leader's standard as he flies,
The victim doomed of midnight poison dies!—

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Remorseless Tyrant! bow the nations down;
Bid abject princes tremble at thy frown;
Spread desolation o'er each guiltless land;
And valour's meed accept, at treason's hand!
But hope not, in th' immortal page of fame,
A hero's title e'er shall grace thy name!

O'er the rude currents round old Calpè's base,
What eager squadrons urge the hostile chace?
What ships expand their sails before the wind?
What foe, resistless, presses close behind?
The foe who frowns defiance in retreat,
The squadron still more dreadful from defeat;
Whose seamen, when the call to arms resounds,
Though worn with toil, and sore with recent wounds,
Limp from the friendly couch again to dare
Their leader's dangers, and his glories share.—
How dire their thunders, 'mid the gloom of night!
Unwonted horrors hover o'er the fight!
What meteors, darting o'er the stormy main,
With baleful light illume the shores of Spain?

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No flame celestial poured from golden urns.—
Lo, CARLOS, blaze! The royal vessel burns!
Sudden, a second blast, with horrid glare
Fires the black concave of the midnight air!
The Britons pause. Amidst a victor's pride,
SUPERB is awed, and CÆSAR turns aside.—
Each fearless chief dissolves in generous woe;
And, while he weeps the man, forgets the foe.

Where GALLIA's favourite port her arms protends,
Each near approach a lofty hill defends;
Beneath, a rugged shoal, the pilot's dread,
Full in the midway lifts its sable head;
And stretching wide its base along the bay,
With frequent perils strews the watery way:
While many a league, the hostile ships below,
Her cannon threat from every rocky brow.—
Why, scarce without her harbour's sheltering arms,
Why feels her boastful fleet renewed alarms?
In vain each rocky brow with cannon lined;
In vain the sheltering harbour close behind:—

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No road secure the Gallic navy owns,
When in its front the British lion frowns.—
CORNWALLIS, dreaded chief! in battle great,
And only more tremendous in retreat,
Their leaders, bold a moment, rashly face;
Then moor again, o'erwhelmed with new disgrace.

In ALBION's channel, see the seamen greet
GARDNER returned, the father of his fleet.
Sweet is their honest joy, while at his side
Stands his supporting son, the hero's pride.
They view, renewed in youth, the veteran's fire,
And hail the offspring worthy of his sire.

Nor less, retired amid the rural shade,
These warm emotions still your breasts pervade!
As, on the wondering deep, 'twas yours to tame
Your rivals' rage, and wrap their ports in flame.
So, while your brave descendants, round their coasts,
To conquest lead your country's naval hosts,
With grateful tears she sees each warlike HOOD,
Triumphant seal her glory with his blood.

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Yet, views she not with such exalted pride,
Her conquering fleets in glorious triumph ride,
As when her sailor with her soldier goes,
In mutual strength combined, against her foes.
Attest, O Time! how many a hostile shore
Their hardy bands and dauntless leaders bore:—
ITALIA's realms; the doubly vanquished CAPE,
Where danger frowned in each stupendous shape;
BELGIA, that dared, with impious arms, defy
Her rightful prince, and spurn her old ally;
Those Isles, that grateful own their victor's sway,
Beneath the rising or the setting day;
LISBOA, that saw, desponding, on her tide,
The RUSS, who dared in faithless GAUL confide;
While ALBION's chief the vengeance due suppressed,
And friends misled in suppliant foes confessed:
SICILIA, too, her ruthless tyrant's chain
For ever burst on MAIDA's glorious plain.—
And ye, fair plains! where Nile's proud waters glide,
Where Victory drooped, as ABERCROMBIE died,

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While, gemmed with tears, she dropped the palmy wreath,
That binds the brows of HUTCHINSON and KEITH:—
Ere long to weep again, when valiant MOORE
Sunk in her arms, on sad IBERIA's shore;
With nerve relaxed, o'er BAIRD she spread her shield,
But leaned on HOPE amid th' ensanguined field.—
Yet 'sweetly sleep the brave;' and conscious Fame,
High, in her sacred shrine, records their name,
Destined to blaze in glory's brightest ray,
When Time shall sweep the pyramids away!

Thou, Europe's dauntless Champion doomed to stand,
While patriot-vengeance lightens from thy hand,
Oh, WELLINGTON! before whose ardent powers,
In wild dismay the Gallic Eagle cowers;—
Proud is the fleet that bore thee o'er the wave,
IBERIA's sinking liberty to save!

Dare I, reposing, steer the shores along,
Blest in the magic verse of ancient song?

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And fierce pursuit, and pomp of arms, awhile
With the soft numbers of the Muse beguile?
E'en now, SICILIA, as our bark glides by,
How sweet thy landscape greets my ravished eye!
While, in the breeze that sweeps along thy plains,
I hear immortal MARO's dulcet strains:—
Or, while the neighbouring shores we slowly near,
With many a scene to youthful fancy dear,
I bid the Queen of ancient nations hail,
And bless the calm that flaps the lingering sail:
Her walks, her theatres, her forum tread;
Muse on the tombs where sleep the mighty dead;
I hear her sages in august debate;
And view her heroes in triumphal state;
Or, from her crowded streets, in social ease
Retiring on the verge of Baia's seas,
The worthies of her golden age among,
Dwell on the eloquence of TULLY's tongue;
With FLACCUS drain the pure Falernian bowl,
And bid the fleeting day in rapture roll.—
Long, dear illusions! float around my head,
Ere Fancy sigh to feel her visions fled!

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What mountains these, that rise to meet the day,
Where smiling PHŒBUS sheds his kindest ray?
O favoured Greece! great nurse of arts divine,
That boast the soul to strengthen or refine;
Tired with the gloom of dark Egyptian lore,
I gladly coast again thy classic shore:
Thy promontories crowned with waving woods,
Thy plains indented deep with silver floods.
Say, dwell the Dryads still thy groves among?
Is Pan's soft reed still heard thy plains along?
I view him yet with Fawns and Satyrs round;
Or on Eurotas' banks with laurels crowned,
Diana and her virgin nymphs advance,
In the quick mazes of the choral dance:
Her brother, too, attunes the wonderous strain,
Silenus sung, and Maro breathed again.—

Or shall I now those dreadful fields explore,
Famed in the bold Mæonian verse of yore?
Yes: musing deep, by more than fancy led,
I press the soil where Greece and Ilion bled.

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Pelides, Hector, all th' heroic train,
Burst from their urns, and shine in arms again.
And lo! descending from their blest abodes,
With warring mortals mixed a host of Gods!
Let me recal the glowing tints, refined,
Those numbers stamped upon my youthful mind;
When oft ideal beauties fired my breast,
And forms celestial hovered o'er my rest!

Yet more delighted, then, upon the surge
His daring track I saw Ulysses urge,
Where fierce Charybdis whirled her tides profound,
And Scylla's monsters barked terrific round.
Charmed with the tale of Greek or Dardan prow,
I with Æneas heard the tempests blow;
Or when stern Neptune bade their rage subside,
And Palinurus gave his fleet to guide,
Beheld th' unhappy pilot sunk in sleep,
And hurled, by force divine, into the deep:—
And now, through times remote, how sweet to trace
The adventures bold of every naval race!

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While, as successive æras I review,
That rival states in growing greatness knew,
Lo, ALBION's flag at length appears unfurled
In envied triumph round the wondering world,
To ocean's utmost bounds; that proudly feel
Her stem alone, and scorn all other keel.
And her bold sons, firm as their native oak,
Serenely brave each elemental stroke,
E'en on those seas, whose deities scarce saved
A favoured hero, when their tempests raved!—

Return digressive Muse! thy song resume,
With many a conquest yet thy verse illume!

Waiting the breeze, from alpine summits cold,
O'er Provence' steepy shores, a fleet behold!
Inglorious safety theirs, till Eurus shrouds,
With favoring breath, their sails in misty clouds;
Then, from their port, amid the friendly gloom,
Awhile in predatory cruise they roam;
Soon, with the force Iberian ports supply
Combined, athwart th' Atlantic billows fly:

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While, of their plans sagacious, from afar,
Pursues the British thunderbolt of war.—
Where wide th' Antilles spread, in waving sweep,
Their verdant glories o'er the western deep,
They scarce escape; and chaced from isle to isle,
Indignant leave behind th' untasted spoil.—
Foiled in their furious aims, they hasten back
Their course disastrous; till within their track,
O'er ocean veiled in haze, they startled meet,
With crowded sails, another hostile fleet!
Distant the friendly port, the dangers near,
Though often shunned, they now reluctant dare.
Th' inferior numbers of th' approaching foe
At length distinctly seen, they bolder grow;
Yet cautious try their rivals' well-known might,
And half accept, and half avoid the fight:
Oft in a transient gleam, with generous rage,
Their ships revealed, the Britons close engage;
Then, lost in vapours dense, suspend their ire,
Nor waste their strength in unavailing fire:
To ancient practice true, their Gallic foes
Close on the wind elude their eager blows;

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And twilight hail, and try their utmost speed,
While, in the routed rear, the Iberians bleed.—
Dark on the smoking ocean, night descends;
Beneath her peaceful shade the combat ends,
Which morn shall not renew. Retreating far,
The vanquished squadrons shun the proffered war;
With care unceasing, still to windward ply,
While BRITAIN's Chief regards with tortured eye.

Wide o'er the wave, of wayward fate the sport,
Behold a squadron seek their native port!
Fled from TRAFALGAR's wrath, but fled in vain,
Their native port they never shall regain.
Full in their destined course, upon the deeps,
Observant STRACHAN his watch unwearied keeps,
Through cheerless months; till, sudden, seen on high,
Their white sails gleam on the dark evening sky.
They veer before the breeze; and, through the night
Of welcome shade, protract their anxious flight;
The dreaded morning breaks; the foe appears;
His ship upon their centre down he steers;

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And, like the Roman bold, whose name she bore,
The Gauls to view, and vanquish, comes once more.

Nor less intent, along the western main,
Th' intrepid chief their progress marks again;
Who nobly led, in HOWE's victorious day,
ORION, darting wide his scorching ray.
Now, favoured far beyond his hopes, he greets
Two valiant friends scarce parted from their fleets;
This, in the chace, the huge NORTHUMBRIA guides,
That, in CANOPUS, follows through the tides.
The hostile ships their onset scarce sustain;
These yield, those fly the friendly shore to gain;
Friendly, though fenced with rocky ridges dire,
They dread no danger like the British fire!
While Freedom calls, with soul-exciting sound,
Her sable sons Domingo's shores around;
With shouts her children view, no longer slaves,
The proud IMPERIALE whelmed beneath the waves!

And thou, GAMBIER! who badst proud Denmark bow,
While Mercy twined her wreath around thy brow!

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O! had the Gauls but met thee on the wave,
Where erst they dared unconquered HOWE to brave.—
No.—They remembered yet; for well they knew
DEFENCE dismasted, and her stedfast crew,
That still her thunders unremitting poured,
And dared, with taunts, their bravest chiefs to board.
This they remembered now, and shunned thy force,
While Charante saw, and trembled to her source.
Promiscuous driven their rocks and sands behind,
They rush on shore, yet there no respite find;
Sudden, to execute thy dread command,
With heart of adamant, and iron hand,
A hero rises, sends his voice around,
And men grow heroes at th' inspiring sound!—
Fierce on their rear, with vengeful flame he flies;
High o'er their ships the smoky columns rise;
And GALLIA's genius, at the galling sight,
With rage confesses BRITAIN's matchless might.—
Paternal chief! accept the Muse's praise,
That never tuned her shell to venal lays.
Long, o'er thy country's squadrons, O, preside!
Long may her sons thy bright example guide;

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And, when 'tis thine no more her fleets to sway,
In the still evening of life's closing day,
When warlike pomp, and noise, and glare gone by
In silence sink, nor longer charm the eye,—
Then, if the peasant shall thy name demand,
Who hard beside the church-path takes his stand,
In answer from some hoary seaman near,
Haply these accents sweet shall strike thine ear:—
" 'Tis he, who firm midst erring thousands stood,
Loved by the brave, and reverenced by the good!

Immortal Chief! what Muse shall dare pursue
Thy dazzling track, thy triumphs dare review?
Whether the joyful Nile thy squadron laves,
Or the 'rough Baltic, with indignant waves;
Or, round ITALIA's shores, with fond acclaim,
Each promontory still resounds thy name;
While favouring Heaven sustains, through many clime,
Thy patriot fire unquenched; and wondering Time
Complacent pauses, in his rapid flight,
To mark the years with NELSON's valour bright!—

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Beloved by friends, respected e'en by foes,
Envied alone in life's eventful close,
Like young Alcides, Virtue's awful voice
Inspired thy soul; like his, thy early choice;
Equal thy toils; thy lofty hopes the same;
Equal thy glorious meed, eternal fame!

Brave COLLINGWOOD! in desperate combat tried,
Worthy to conquer by thy NELSON's side;
From where TRAFALGAR frowns above the flood,
Enriched with BRITAIN's noblest, dearest blood,
To realms remote, laved by the Syrian main,
The high command unwearied to sustain!—
When first the bard, beneath thy mild command,
Essayed the naval lyre, with venturous hand,
Oft, with a sigh, the heir of NELSON's fame
He marked, the strenuous soul, but sinking frame;
Thy look serene, 'mid stifled pangs displayed,
The hero brightening as the man decayed;
And, while he wove thy laurels in his verse,
Beheld the future cypress shade thy hearse!

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And filial piety thy hoped return,
In vain, implore, and love unsolaced mourn!—
Must, thus, transcendant virtue to our sight,
A moment glorious blaze, then sink in night?
Must each bold victor, thus unto the skies
Be rapt, nor bless a grateful nation's eyes?
Ah! shall not one remain? On Valour's brow
May not the wreath of triumph bloom below?—
Yes! Fate, relenting, deigns awhile to spare
NORTHESK, in arms thy friend, thy brave compeer!

Illustrious shades, farewell!—The public tear,
Sacred to high desert, bedews your bier.
Yet, ere the harp, low murmuring to the main,
In silence close its sad funereal strain,
Her pious drops let private friendship shed,
In cherished sorrow, o'er the honoured dead.—
O thou! once decked with every manly grace,
Now bright companion of th' etherial race!
Oh, if permitted by divine behest,
To leave awhile the mansions of the blest,

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Say, dost thou, haply hovering o'er my lyre,
Breathe Virtue's calm, or rouse heroic fire?
Dost thou revisit oft, at depth of night,
The scenes in life that gave thee such delight?—
Then wore the watch beneath the moon's pale beam,
In illustration of exalted theme:
The wonders in the mighty deep that lie,
Or shine in those bright orbs that gild the sky;
The laws of motion, or the mental powers,
Beguiled the lingering train of silent hours;
Thy converse, ever, to no trivial end
Debased; each final thought to Heaven would tend.—
And when mild Peace resigned her transient reign,
And ALBION called her naval sons again,
As on the charms of home my soul delayed,
Her last resolve thy ardent counsel swayed;
E'en while the genial season poured around,
Attraction sweet of sight, and smell, and sound,
'Midst every object long revolving years,
Or friendship, or domestic bliss endears,
Thou badst me quit my native fields once more,
Nor sighing deem unwelcome ocean's roar.

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And haply when, too wakeful in my breast,
Despondence thus her fond complaint expressed,
" How on the haunts of silent solitude,
" Unhallowed stranger! dared the wish intrude
" Demanding adverse change? for rural ease,
" Incessant watch, and care, and boisterous seas;
" For all delights of changing earth and skies,
" Obedient to the seasons as they rise,
" From month to month, the same uncheering scene,
" And all the change of seasons lost between;
" While Memory's mirror still presents, unkind,
" The semblance faint of blessings left behind?"—
Scarce dared I meet thy kind reproving eye,
While chid, yet soothed, I heard thy warm reply.
" Complainer hush! Heaven's all-embracing plan
" Each form of active life prescribes to man.—
" How vain were various nature, if we scanned
" With equal tastes the wonders of her hand!
" Science how poor, if no peculiar charm
" Attracted minds with kindred genius warm!
" No NEWTON then had dared to mete the sphere;
" No MILTON soared angelic harps to hear;

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" No ALFRED's wisdom saved a sinking state;
" No SYDNEY flown to court an early fate.—
" Go, then, no more with us the seas to roam;
" Go!—Yet, retired beneath thy sheltered home,
" Say not, when favouring Heaven in ALBION placed
" The throne of freedom, mid the watery waste,
" His hard decree assigned unmingled pain
" To those her empire destined to sustain.—
" No. Their great guardian meet companions gave,
" To cheer the wanderers on the trackless wave:
" With them are bold Emprize, alert to dare
" The tempest's buffet, or the shock of war;
" And manly Toil; and Science, whose bright eye
" Oft glances upward to her native sky.
" Here Glory waves her flag, and Courage calls,
" Whose look the giant Danger still appals;
" Here Mirth, whose smile corroding care defies;
" Here Friendship draws more close her sacred ties;
" Nor 'mid the stormy surge, and wintry gloom,
" The roseate flowers of Love refuse to bloom:
" While Memory's mirror here more polished shines,
" And each dear form reflects in softer lines;

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" And Hope, the bright conductress of our way,
" Smiles on the closed, and hails the opening day."

Yes. Love and Hope assenting, for him twined
Their wreaths, but Fate forbade his brows to bind.
His nymph, in mind, and birth, and beauty's grace,
Equalled the noblest dames of Britain's race;
Yet, though he never knew th' ecstatic truth,
She felt an equal flame consume her youth;
And when these lays shall meet her startled eye,
The tear shall gush, and deep shall burst the sigh.
For her, who shone in fortune's brightest ray,
He boldly dared, each grateful hostile day,
His stand in danger's fiery front to take;
And envied NELSON's fame but for her sake.

I saw him droop beneath a baleful sun;
I saw his race of glory nearly run.
" And O! if earthly ties beyond the grave
" Extend," he cried, " this boon alone I crave;
" Her, whom, on life's last verge, my soul holds dear,
" To watch for ever with paternal care.—

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" Or if this charge a power superior keeps,
" Be mine a guardian angel of the deeps;
" Safe, through the battle's thunder, would I guide
" My country's ships, and turn the deaths aside;
" Or from the leeward shore and bursting wave,
" My mortal friends would, Heaven-commissioned, save."—

'Twas o'er. In languor sunk his eagle-eye,
Yet so serene as 't were a bliss to die;
With his last breath, a sailor's spirit fired
His accents firm, nor haply then expired.—

Farewell!—'Twas thine to fill an early grave;
'Twas mine, through lingering years, to roam the wave;
To combat death in many a direful form,
Disease, or battle fierce, or midnight storm;
And still, life's fragile bark severely tost
Shattered to hold, though tempest torn, not lost.
Yet, Greenwich! still, as vacant oft I rove,
Beneath thy domes, or from thy sheltering grove,

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In meditation sweet, thy Thames survey,
Dear are my former wanderings on the sea:
While oft, companion of these walks, is mine,
The seaman garrulous in life's decline,
Who gaily ranges boundless oceans o'er,
And meets the foe on many a distant shore;
His captain's praises and his own I hear,
His griefs and toils, his joys and triumphs share:
Like him I trace again the mazy clue
Of years long fled, their chequered scenes review
While some celestial retrospective power
Tints with their mellow hues the present hour;
Each image, deep impressed by chance or time,
Recals more vivid, tender or sublime;
And from the mingled cup of joy and pain,
Each pure ideal sweet extracts again!—

THE END.

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THE

BATTLE

OF

TRAFALGAR.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

The Battle of Trafalgar.

THE licence taken with real incident in this action is very limited.

For the few imaginary manœuvres the Author may have introduced, he begs to apologise to the Commanders of the Ships to which they are ascribed: trusting, that though he is incapable of doing justice to the merit of those Officers, nothing unworthy their professional character has been inserted.

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TRAFALGAR.

——— volatile ferrum
Spargitur, arva novâ Neptunia cæde rubescunt.

PARK FINCH.

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ARGUMENT.

SUBJECT proposed.—Apology.—Invocation.

Departure of the Combined Fleets from Cadiz in the evening.—Morning.— NELSON.*—View of the British Fleet.—Reflections.—The Combined Fleets discovered.—Signal for battle.—British ships bearing down.—Sight of Cape Trafalgar.—Address of Nelson.—Address of the adverse chiefs.—Telegraphic signal.—Advance of the* VICTORY *to action.—* ROYAL SOVEREIGN, BRITANNIA.*—General closing with the enemy.—*TEMERAIRE; LEVIATHAN, *SAN AUGUSTINO;* CONQUEROR; MARS; AFRICA: SOVEREIGN, *SANTA ANNA:* TONNANT, *ALGESIRAS:* PRINCE; DREADNOUGHT; REVENGE; *ASTURIAS; ACHILLE:* AJAX; AGAMEMNON.*—Frigates.—Enemies' line broken.*

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The Battle of Trafalgar.

PART THE FIRST.

NELSON'S unrivalled combat on the main
Awakes my lyre. Responsive rise the strain!

Hard is the task the lofty verse to frame
When Fiction dares not fan th' heroic flame!
Yet no imagined scenes I here may trace,
No fabled warriors of immortal race;
No partial gods the chiefs I sing require,
To fill their bosoms with celestial fire;
In terrors not their own to bid them glow,
And bear them furious on the trembling foe;
Shaded secure behind his seven-fold shield,
With spear enormous raging through the field,

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No leader fierce, of more than human might,
And size gigantic, sways the scale of fight:—
But poising equal arms, while either fleet
Prepared for battle stands, nor fears defeat,
Fiction be silent! Truth my numbers guide!
Superior minds alone the event decide.—

Benignant Power! that on thy rocky stand,
With fixed regard, survey'st thy faithful band,
From half-encircling groves of oak, that twine
Their guardian branches o'er thy form divine;
While far beneath thee bursts the solemn roar
From the full surge that laves thy chalky shore;
And as around thy cliffs the white spray flies,
Sweet to thine ear the lengthened echoes rise;
BRITANNIA's naval genius, Oh! inspire
Th' adventrous lay: awake the poet's fire.
O! by those chiefs of old, who fearless hurled
Thy conquering thunders round a trembling world;
Whose arms resistless fixed thy infant reign
Firm as the deep foundations of the main;

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By every sacred shade of seaman brave,
Whose patriot valour found an early grave,—
His arduous theme permit him to rehearse,
And pour thy spirit through his daring verse!

From southern skies the glorious orb of day
On smiling Autumn shone with mildest ray:—
Where Gades' towers reflect his evening beam,
In waving gold, o'er Bœtis' distant stream,
The Gallic and Iberian fleets combined,
Waited in eager hope the rising wind.
Favonius breathes. Intent on high designs,
They leave the port in proudly marshalled lines.
Advancing first a Gallic chief appears,
His flag the stately *FORMIDABLE* bears;
Follows the sainted *ANNE;* her seamen brave
Exult as swift she glides along the wave;
In equal beauty rides the *BUCENTAUR,*
Whose long experienced chief directs the war;
Fast by his side the bold *ASTURIAS* keeps,
And stems with steady prow the rippling deeps;

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Next *ALGESIRAS* comes, whose ample frame
From Gaul's inglorious triumph drew her name.
But in the midst, attracting every eye,
Lo *TRINIDADA'S* flag unfurled on high!
No ship of all that circle Europe's coasts,
Such giant bulk, such wonderous structure boasts.
From loftier masts her sails o'er-hang the wave,
A longer keel the burthened waters lave;
More ponderous bolts her dark recesses store,
And in her broadside deeper thunders roar:
By Sculpture's too presumptuous art imprest,
Aloft a mystic figure stands confest,
Her awful prow the sacred image crowns;
And in quadruple tiers th' artillery frowns.—

Such were the ships the leading chiefs that bore;
The rest in long succession steer from shore;
Till night descending, in her shadowy veil,
Involves each glittering flag and shining sail.
Then, for the Streights the navy bears away,
Until the rolling hours bring round the day.

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The purple dawn scarce blushing in the skies,
From slumber short see BRITAIN's hero rise,
Anxious that each return of grateful light
Might give the rival squadrons to his sight,
In silence round his eager glance he threw;
The SOVEREIGN first uprising on his view,
Through the thin haze her loom more lofty gave,
And looked a moving bulwark on the wave:
Then fair BRITANNIA, with her ample prow,
Majestic steered in distance on his bow;
Her broadside open to the solar ray,
Dazzling to view she beamed upon the day.
Next in his wake the beauteous TEMERAIRE,
In radiance too, displayed her triple tier:
The NEPTUNE near, in shade her quarter showed,
Whose lifted ports in dreadful grandeur glowed:
Far in the rear, just opening on his eye,
In ponderous strength the PRINCE and DREADNOUGHT lie;
And ships around, that oft from battle came,
With conquest bravely bought, and rich in fame.

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Yet, favoured VICTORY! let the boast be thine,
Fairest of all that lead the naval line!
While long succeeding flags thy worth declare,
Unequalled form and swiftness still to bear.

The Chief, its order, force, and place to scan,
In quick review o'er all his squadron ran;
Then pensive stood, with sad regret o'er-cast,
While musing on his anxious labours past:
With sleepless eye from Egypt's farthest shore
To trace each cape, each harbour to explore,
No foes to view: then on the western main
To spread his sails; his sails to spread in vain.
The cruise protracted to its utmost hour,
To seek the port reluctant, and no more
Indulge his high raised hopes!—His zealous toils
He deems some genius, foe to Britain, foils;
Sighs from his soul; and almost feels supprest
The wonted ardours of his generous breast:—
When sudden from a distant bark on high,
Wave frequent flags, attracting every eye;

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Then hang becalmed:—with anxious gaze attends
A quick assembled train of warlike friends,
In closing circle. Round from man to man,
Reviving hope a busy rumour ran.
'Till wide in air again distinctly flow
The signals bright that speak th' approaching foe.-
"The foe?"—Through swarming decks from van rear,
At every crowded port the crew appear;
A silent moment fixed, all ear, all eye,
They stand; then rend with thundering shouts tl sky!

The Hero's face with martial ardour bright,
He bids the signal fly, "Prepare for fight!"
And while each chief with kindred valour burns,
Full to the east her prow the VICTORY turns.
Her active line impatient to precede,
The SOVEREIGN squares her yards with equal speed
With sail on sail BRITANNIA follows nigh,
The parted waves before her foaming fly;

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In emulation warm, each ship behind,
Spreads her wide canvas to the rising wind.—

Th' expanding beam of day supremely bright,
Chaced the blue mist that veiled TRAFALGAR's height;
O'er the long swell the freshening breezes blew;
Near and more near the hostile squadrons drew;
Full on the larboard tack, along the flood,
The Gallic and Iberian navy stood;
The Britons on their centre full incline,
In form till now unseen,—a two-fold line!
On either side th' impatient seamen stand;
Burn for the fight, and wait the high command.

Come patriot youths, in future combats dread,
Destined perhaps the naval train to lead,
Approach! with me survey the warlike scene;—
The fleets a short, a silent space between.
Alike in every ship the decks are cleared,
Alike, their scathful weapons all prepared:
Here beam the steely pikes in dreadful lines;
Here the bright pole-axe, there the faulchion shines;

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The polished arms the naval soldiers bear,
In files arranged along the poop appear;
These glittering from aloft; and dark beneath,
The huge artillery charged with tenfold death,
In level range projecting from the sides,
Tremendous frowns above the flashing tides!—

Now flew the VICTORY'S flag; its radiant glow
Of waving crimson, tinged the flood below:—
But the deep silence ere her thunders broke,
Her Hero thus th' attentive band bespoke,
"My faithful friends, my trusty seamen, hear;
"O'er whom with honest pride command I bear!
"No contest light this day our efforts tries;
"No fading glories wait, no trivial prize;
"Once more I hail your ardent hopes renewed,
"Th' eluding foe, so oft in vain pursued,
"At length no more recedes. All hope of flight
"He feels is lost. Enough.—'Tis ours to fight.—
"And thou Almighty Power! in whom we trust,
"Sustain our courage as our cause is just!"

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The bands adverse meantime their Chiefs addressed,
And roused the martial flame in every breast.
" Ye seamen bold, this matchless fleet who grace,
" Or of Iberian, or of Gallic race !
" Who view opposed, and view with just disdain,
" The boasting titled emperors of the main ;
" Behold them dare advance in careless pride,
" Devoid of order, scattered o'er the tide,
" Against our force compact ; the rash intent
" Their leaders, dire examples! shall repent ;
" Far off dismasted ere they join th' affray,
" Shall lie unwieldy hulks, an easy prey :
" Or those who reach our line, with sails entire,
" In efforts vain shall dare your vengeful ire :
" No interval our closing ships afford ;
" Our cannon there subdues them, or our sword.—
" The wreaths your countries for their sons prepare,
" Heroes, by equal deeds, be proud to share !"

Each hostile fleet opposed in dreadful state,
Awhile th' impelling breeze, the breath of Fate,

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Suspended seemed. The moment NELSON caught;
His Heaven-born genius waked th' immortal thought,
And bade unfurl a flag. Unfurled then flies
The bidden signal blazing through the skies.
No pompous line, no words of lofty sound,
It bears unto th' admiring seamen round;
Simple and great whate'er the Chief imparts,
Like lightning glancing on their honest hearts,
"ENGLAND" (such import high the flag reflects)
"TO DO HIS DUTY EVERY MAN
EXPECTS!"—
"England," returns a shout that shakes the main,
"England our duty ne'er expects in vain!"

Now proudly silent while the VICTORY steers,
Where either hostile Chief his standard rears,
Oft on her decks she feels their kindling ire,
In sullen shocks of desultory fire.
The British Chief in tempered valour stands,
And thus once more bespeaks the listening bands;
"On each well pointed gun that level bears,
"Full to the eye when yonder hull appears,

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" E'en then forbear:—till THIS unsheathed you spy,
" Reserve your fire!" The crew in cheers reply.—
The VICTORY'S helm a-starboard hard inclined,
Her sails obliquely caught the breeze behind,
And, fierce and rapid, as the feathered king
Darts on the serpent huge with steady wing,
On *TRINIDADA'S* quarter close she came:
He drew his sword; out burst the living flame;
Nor stayed, but onward held his dreadful course,
In closest fight to prove his rival's force.
The Iberian seamen on their cannon bend,
And to the foe in shouts defiance send;
Then as the VICTORY swift their quarter cleared,
And full upon the smoky beam appeared,
In blast tremendous o'er her bows and head,
From all their ports the fiery whirlwind spread:—
Bright is each broadside with malignant rays,
Through clouds of smoke the hostile lightnings blaze,
Quick to each flash the fatal bolts succeed;
Tremble the stable ships, the seamen bleed!

Meantime the leeward line, in awful state,
The SOVEREIGN firmly leads, resolved as fate;

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Her chief beholds afar, with stedfast eyes,
Th' Iberian flag, and hopes the glorious prize:
Broadside on broadside o'er him roars in vain;
No fires distract his course, no ships detain:
But *ANNA* calmly sees the threatened fight
For her reserved, nor shuns the SOVEREIGN'S might.

BRITANNIA, following o'er the trembling brine,
With equal force resistless breaks the line.
While devastation frowns from either side,
Appalled, on either hand, the foes divide!

As thus the leading ships in fight engage,
No distant war their hardy followers wage.
Successive ensigns flashing on the day,
In swift approach the fleets combined survey!
Ship after ship, how fiercely on their foes,
In bursts of fire the British seamen close!
Their foes, as fierce, with equal fervor burn,
And fire for fire, and death for death return!

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When, roused tumultuous from the northern deeps,
Th' autumnal tempest o'er the forest sweeps;
Untimely whirled the scattered leaves descend;
The branches snapped, the huge trunks groaning bend!
So shook the ships, as from the battle's stroke,
In shivered fragments flew the rifted oak;
So shattered hung the sails; so groaned on high
The wounded masts; and such of war the cry!

Next to the VICTORY, see in bright array,
The TEMERAIRE impetuous ploughs her way.
Alert, to check her in her 'mid career,
A Gallic and Iberian ship appear:
That on the quarter dealt the fiery blow;
This ranged with raking battery on her bow;
The TEMERAIRE unawed, her cannon plies
On both, unceasing, and their rage defies.

AUGUSTINE, as LEVIATHAN appears,
The British ship to single combat dares;

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Eager her broadside sends; a veil of clouds,
In sudden night, the foe advancing shrouds,
Whose helm a-weather flies; the prow as fast
To starboard veers; the hostile stern is past.
"Meet her!" her leader calls; across the tide
She ranges furious up the Iberian's side;
And as around she luffs with rapid wheel,
Her piercing bolts *AUGUSTINE'S* seamen feel;
And scarce oppose. Confusion hovers o'er
Th' astonished bark! her scuppers stream with gore!
One hope alone remains: involved in smoke
They set each sail, the friendly breeze invoke,
And leave the lines of battle unpursued;
While through the midmost fight the Briton stood.

As CONQUEROR followed next, to break the line,
The Gallic ships that marked her bold design,
With topsails shivering bravely wait their foe,
And point their cannon at her daring prow.
Unmoved the CONQUEROR to their line draws nigh,
Starboards her helm, her headmost sheets lets fly.

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And issuing from her sides the salient flame,
Big with destruction, rends each hostile frame.
With ported helm, again, her course she wheels
Where volumed smoke the rage of fight conceals;
There firmly pressing on, she traces dark
The shadowy outline of each warring bark:
The mighty *TRINIDADA* there she spied;
The fire-illumined VICTORY close beside;
BRITANNIA on her larboard quarter steers,
To intercept whose length no poop appears;
The daring NEPTUNE, 'mid the fierce affray,
Now luffing to the wind, now kept away,
She views; and almost pauses to admire
The well worked ship, and well directed fire:
Then far a-head discerns the chief of Gaul,
And instant steers direct to urge his fall;
Remarks the bravest of the mingled lines,
And where the bravest fight in combat joins.

Watching the SOVEREIGN as the MARS proceeds,
With flaming sides, her gallant leader bleeds.

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Thy name how dreadful to the Gallic line,
Victorious ship! what fatal glory thine!
Mixed with a groan is heard th' impassioned call,
"Another HOOD is lost!—Revenge his fall!"
Each seaman's breast unwonted anger steels;
The Gaul alarmed her sudden vengeance feels;
And seeks, in distant combat, to elude
The force that erst his *HERCULES* subdued.

Far on the left with all her canvas spread,
Her venturous chief the little AFRIC led,
That through the lingering hours of night unseen
Had kept her silent watch the fleets between.
Now on her beam the western breezes play,
As for the hostile van she keeps her way,
Nor steers aloof, nor shuns the unequal fight;
'Till, sudden, to her watchful leader's sight,
A signal o'er the VICTORY waved in air,
Menaced by many a strong assailant near.
AFRIC, with hasty sails, her course again
Explores, and seeks new combats on the main.

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Full in the centre of the hostile fleet,
Th' Iberian *ANNE* and British SOVEREIGN meet.
Steering aloof, the ships around give place,
To leave the opposing flags an ample space;
And as they close, regard, with mutual pride,
Th' incessant blaze that streams from either side.
With glowing valour swells th' Iberian's breast,
The conquest from his foes renowned to wrest;
An equal fire the British chieftain warms,
To meet a rival worthy of his arms:
Th' auxiliar chiefs elate, his ardors share,
And urge his bold commands with active care;
The younger leaders fly from post to post,
Exhort and animate the naval host,
With words and actions fire each manly breast;
Their warlike spirit all in shouts expressed.
Fast and more fast, their raging blasts they pour;
Shine the dark ports; redoubling thunders roar!

Nor less, on *ALGESIRAS* and her crew,
Severe thy winged fury, TONNANT, flew!

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Whose wounded leader, unsubdued by pain,
Still guides his ship; incites his vigorous train;
In dreadful contact, side to side they lie,
Urge all their force, and every effort try:
In vain the Gauls, with wasting rage, oppose
The cool determined courage of their foes.
Their thunders oft remit; the crew meanwhile
Desponding stand, o'erspent with wounds and toil;
And BRITAIN'S seamen view, with eager eyes,
Their fire more faint, and hope a glorious prize:
But the brave chief, who saw, with anxious pain,
His faithful followers bleed, but bleed in vain,
Bids them no more the TONNANT'S fury dare;
But point their every cannon high in air.
Soon to each topmast towering in the sky,
A pine entire! the bolts loud hissing fly,
The tops from all the severed cross-trees rend,
And o'er the waves in whirling fragments send;
Then glancing up the circling caps, that fast
In every storm, retained the steady mast,
As sudden rush:—dissolved their guardian zone,
Beneath their weighty yards the tall masts groan;

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In vain their ready aid the seamen lend,
The halliards gone, the reeling yards descend;
Its shrouds, its stays all torn, each batter'd pine
Falls with astounding crash into the brine!

The Gallic ship beholds, with joy elate,
And rashly dares once more to sport with fate:
Once more, her cannon pointed at the hull,
She fires; and braces quick her yards all full.
The British crew again its labours plies,
And sends one fatal broadside as she flies,
The fatal fire too soon her flight o'ertakes;
Through every timber *ALGESIRAS* shakes;
Unceasing still the ruthless Fates pursue,
And sanguine streams on streams her sides imbrue:
Yet at his post, with many a corse around,
Stretched on the deck the heroic chief was found,
What time the half sunk vessel, on the tide
Surrendered lay, her mighty foe beside.—

Descending on the thick-embattled rear,
The PRINCE and DREADNOUGHT now impatient steer,

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That sailed with happier speed, while this behind
Vainly awhile implored the breeze unkind;
Scarce on her bulk its light controul imprest,
Deep anguish fills her zealous leader's breast,
Who bears, with agonizing eye, the sight
Of friends so near, commixing in the fight;
Till joined, to reach th' Iberian chief he tries,
Until REVENGE already closed he spies,
That long contests *ASTURIAS'* force alone,
And warmly claims the combat as her own:
Yet rash *ACHILLES* steers athwart his way,
Opposing all his might without dismay.
While both uninterrupted broadsides pour,
And either wounded side infuriate gore,
Sudden, from Gallia's ports, stupendous springs
A flame that bears no thunders on its wings.
Wide circumfusing horror and amaze,
High o'er her decks th' insufferable blaze
Ascends the masts in many a spiry wreath,
And soon pervades each dark recess beneath!
Abandoned to their fate, the frantic crew
Where-e'er they turn behold the flames pursue:

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'Till all a glowing pile,—displosive flies,
The ship with hideous burst unto the skies!—
A moment pausing Britain's seamen stand,
Their grasp relaxed; their weapons quit each hand;
In their rough honest breasts compassion rose;
The Gauls, distrest, they felt no longer foes:
But from their cannon drawn from van to rear,
To every brace the dexterous hands repair;
From steadied yards the ready cords depend,
Now mount their boats in air, now quick descend;
As quickly manned, at Mercy's call they sweep,
To snatch the sinking wretches from the deep;
That task performed, they hasten back amain,
And for the battle steel their souls again!—

The freshening breeze awhile dispelled the smoke;
The Gallic and Iberian lines were broke;
And frequent ships, disordered, roamed the tide,
And sullen felt their towering hopes subside.
Meantime, to leeward far, with rage untamed,
In various combat many a vessel flamed.

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AJAX and AGAMEMNON boldly ranged
Throughout the fight; their station oft they changed;
On many a shrinking bark their strength displayed,
In ceaseless, widely wasting, cannonade:
And all their course the foe in terror viewed,
With ruined masts and floating rigging strewed.

Oft as from smoke the scene of fight is clear,
Th' attendant frigates in the lines appear.
Observant lay the SIRIUS in the van,
Along the rear the NAIAD active ran,
EURYALUS amid the centre steered,
The PHŒBE too the VICTORY'S dangers shared:
To mark each signal or assist a friend,
The task is theirs; no hostile bolts they send.
Their watchful leaders scarce withhold each crew,
While earnest combatants around they view;
Their fires suppressed, 'midst hottest fires they go,
And drag the ships disabled through the foe;
Whose seamen cry, "your proffered aid restrain,
"Or only lead where duty calls again!"

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TRAFALGAR.

PINK RECORD.

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ARGUMENT.

REFLECTIONS introductory to the progress of the Battle.

Distress of the British ships surrounded by the enemy.—BELLEISLE *dismasted.*—TEMERAIRE *boarded.*—*Tacking of the French van to place the British between two fires.*—SPARTIATE, AGAMEMNON, NEPTUNE, CONQUEROR, *sustain their Admiral.*—*Efforts of the* VICTORY *while engaged with the* TRINIDADA *and* REDOUBTABLE, *and harassed by the* BUCENTAUR.—*Appearance of the* ASTURIAS.—*Approach of the* THUNDERER, MINOTAUR, *and* BRITANNIA.—*Repulse of the French van.* NEPTUNO, MINOTAUR, SPARTIATE; AFRICA, INTREPIDE, ORION.

Fresh attempts on the part of the Combined Fleets; and disposition of the British to counteract them.—*Cutter and Schooner.*

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The Battle of Trafalgar.

PART THE SECOND.

WHEN BELGIA, on the northern main, of yore,
Braved with ungrateful arms her fostering power,
Rude was the shock, and long the battle burned,
And ALBION oft her slaughtered heroes mourned;
Her MONTAGU and DOUGLAS saw expire,
Each self-devoted at his awful pyre!
Still her brave sons, with hearts unquelled, renewed
The conflict, and their stubborn foes subdued.
Conquest their valour crowned; that generous flame
Which glowed till death, in all extremes the same!—
To this high pitch of mind intensely wrought,
Our sires their foes in every climate sought;

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All distant combat nobly they disdained,
And only board and board their triumphs gained.

Proud GAUL looked on; but saw, with mute alarm,
Th' Herculean vigour of the victor's arm;
This restless rival of her growing fame,
Insidious, fierce, whose hatred nought can tame,
As years elapsed, successive navies reared,
And ALBION on the plains of ocean dared:
Vanquished not humbled, though repulsed not tired,
Still to the empire of the deep aspired;
And baffled, by refined manœuvres new,
That courage, firm, her arms could not subdue.

Her novel system thus proclaimed, afar,
The science-favoured boast of naval war,
Indignant swelled the British seaman's breast,
With all the soul of nautic skill possest:
Awhile in error lost, with wounded pride,
The specious tactics of his foe he tried;
Forgot his BLAKE, his HAWKE; yet fought and bled,
Nor proudly triumphed, nor defeated fled.—

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Britons! 'tis past.—Short as delusion's reign,
Was GALLIA's exultation on the main.
In skill unmatched, with deathless courage fraught,
Your contests hand to hand be ever fought;
Approach with speed her threatening squadrons nigh,
And blast them with the lightnings of your eye.
This day revere. Your NELSON here behold
Revive the flame our fathers breathed of old!

Now here, now there, the broken line along,
The ships of ALBION borne their foes among,
In shattered ruins laid, no longer wear
Their graceful form and dread-inspiring air.
Masts, yards, sails, cordage in confusion dire,
Cumber their sides and decks, and choak their fire.
Yet their brave crews amid the hostile storm,
True to their trust each dangerous task perform:
The bar, the axe, they ply; the cords divide,
And heave the entangled wrecks into the tide.
Then, fear disdaining, as deprived of flight,
They stand, and dare to death the fiercest fight.

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Thus where the battle's utmost fury raged,
Amidst conflicting vessels long engaged,
Her masts all spent, surcharged with martial toil
Her unsupported seamen, lies BELLEISLE;
A transient respite only, these require,
To nerve their limbs, and Heaven's pure breath inspire.
In vain around they turn their anxious eye;
No rest is given, no friendly sails are nigh;
Her proud antagonists around her press,
Secure, exulting in her deep distress:
Her pausing cannon while no more they hear,
Her silence seems the silence of despair.—
Such silence oft o'er ocean broods profound
Ere his wild blasts Tornado whirls around.
Hark! to the panting crew their leader cries,
"Your only safety in your courage lies!
"Conquest or death be ours: prepared alike,
"Sink if she must:—By Heaven she shall not strike!"
Hark in firm breathings from his answering bands,
"By Heaven she strikes not. Trust her to our hands!

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" Our country's flag untarnished ours to save ;
" Or all descend with glory to the wave !"—
Then at their every post, above, beneath,
They turn their hearts and hands to deeds of death.
Lo, on th' opposing force on either beam
Amid the gloom how bright their lightnings gleam !
When sudden rising, loud inspiring cheers
Resound : the SWIFTSURE close astern appears.
Full on the larboard side her course she held,
And all on *ARGONAUT* her flame impelled :
While on the starboard as the THUNDERER blazed
The proud *MONARCA* felt her power amazed.
The Gauls, the Iberians, fly before their fires ;
The cloud dispelled, BELLEISLE again respires :
Her ensign as the tumult clears away,
In glorious fragments beams upon the day.

Now, oft repulsed, her desperate rivals dare
To desperate deeds provoke the TEMERAIRE.
Her wrath the Gallic vessel feels again ;
Blown from the wheel the timoneers lie slain ;

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And ere responsive to the rudder's force,
The veering ship resigns her wayward course;
Towards the TEMERAIRE exposed she flies,
That fore and aft her wasteful broadside plies.
Still the sage chief, of energetic mind,
(The best resource the brave in danger find),
Inspires his crew their vessel to defend,
"Haste, quit your cannon.—On your swords depend!"
E'en while he speaks the ship ungoverned roams
Along the wave; at length on board she comes!
The Iberian luffing to the starboard side,
The audacious Gaul to second bravely tried;
And in the British yards her topsails hung,
Recoiling, on the quarter close she swung:
While in the TEMERAIRE for each event
Prepared, her leader hails the bold intent;
Nor idly hails. In lively courage warm
Across the bows the Gallic seamen swarm:
Man urges man, and crowds succeeding crowds
Climb up the chains and fill the bending shrouds:

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Meantime the Iberian's final broadside roared;
And o'er the quarter all her boarders poured.

The shock of grappling ships the Britons hear,
Through every deck, and quick aloft repair;
Abaft the main-mast all their strength combine,
In simple column formed, the warriors shine!
Its double front th' intrepid phalanx shews,
And meets with eager steps th' advancing foes.
All to the poop, with streaming gore o'erspread,
Extends the fight; the decks are strewed with dead!—

While oft, with anxious glance, the TEMERAIRE
Sees hostile ensigns o'er her wave in air,
Her crew superior numbers scarce abide,
That still encreasing charge on every side.
Though vollies sharp, that from the poop resound,
They hear, and frequent feel a double wound,
No form of death they shun; but threat aloud,
And furious on the lessening Britons crowd;
No longer these their posts, a phalanx, held,
From either gangway slowly aft repelled,

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Yet rallied here they stand, before the wheel
A circle dreadful with refulgent steel,
Around their Chief, the high heroic soul
That moves, sustains, and animates the whole!—
Fixed as a rock amid the surging tide,
That raves around it till the storm subside,
The Chief his brave resisting crew inspires,
'Till spent with fruitless rage the foe retires.
No slow retreat allows the victor-band;
But lifts with shouts in turn th' assailing brand.
The dreadful throng o'er both the quarters rushed,
Each visage stern with ire and vengeance flushed,
Nor swords, nor flames, nor spears their course restrain,
But bounding far the opposing decks they gain;
Fierce from each poop the hostile ensigns tear;
Yet midst their rage, the vanquished suppliants spare.—

The Chiefs combined behold on every side
Their centre forced, the vessels scattered wide;

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And stand, uncertain or to risk defeat,
Or save their squadrons by a prompt retreat.
No season this for counsel or debate;
Delay is death, each moment big with fate!
In vain their followers round demand their care!
BRITANNIA, SOVEREIGN, VICTORY, thunder near!

The Gauls, th' Iberians, now their fate had found;
And hovering conquest ALBION's hosts had crowned:
But the bold Chief who led the van of France,
Reviewed the mixt affray with piercing glance;
At once resolved to double on his foes,
And in a two fold fire their line inclose.
Then, as the *FORMIDABLE's* signals fly,
Assenting pendants instant wave on high;
Not unperceived. The British squadron sees
Their lofty headsails shivering in the breeze;
And soon, upon the starboard tack inclined,
With sails all full they catch the favouring wind.
The *BUCENTAUR* beholds the Britons pause,
And to the centre all her seconds draws;

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Cautious herself the VICTORY's force to know,
Till with abated fire her rage shall glow:
The *FORMIDABLE*, glorying in her might,
Brings down the van, and seeks anew the fight;
But, on the British chieftains as she steers,
A small, determined, ready band she nears.
The SPARTIATE quits her wondering half-won prize;
To gain a second soon to windward plies;
Then AGAMEMNON follows o'er the main,
With wounded masts that scarce the breeze sustain;
NEPTUNE, and CONQUEROR, wait the impendingshock;
The VICTORY, SOVEREIGN, all involved in smoke,
A double fight sustain. The Gauls, meanwhile,
At distance still molest the tired BELLEISLE;
And ere her watchful seconds close around,
The VICTORY'S sides are torn with many a wound.
Incessant stormed the *TRINIDADA* here;
For boarding armed, the *REDOUBTABLE* there;
While on her bow the wary *BUCENTAUR*
Securely poured her galling bolts afar.
And as the approaching Gallic van discern
Her shattered quarter and defenceless stern,

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Full to the spot their vivid lightnings fly,
Whence streams the red-cross in defiance high.

Amid the tumult of that awful scene
Great NELSON stood, undaunted, firm, serene.
The leaders round attend his high commands;
And, worthy of their Chief, his gallant bands.
Their noble ship by foes on foes opprest,
What cool yet active courage swells each breast!
On *TRINIDADA*, lo, her cannon bear!
How loud the crash from each tremendous tier!
How quick renewed the wondrous blaze they pour,
In mingled hiss and long continuous roar!
While from her bow, to starboard as she wheels,
The *BUCENTAUR* her frequent vengeance feels.
Nor could the *REDOUBTABLE'S* bursting side
The fury of her scorching blasts abide;
But her stanch seamen, with the briny wave
The kindled planks and smouldering timbers lave.
So, the dread bolt which Heaven incensed employs,
Hurled through the shower inflames not, but destroys!

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Still, midst bold efforts and heroic deeds,
Profuse through all her decks the VICTORY bleeds;
Her leaders still, and crew, unknowing fear,
Impatient wait the succours from the rear:
For while each ship obeys the high behest,
That bids her rally round her Chief distrest,
No trivial forms of danger interpose;
But crowded sails of persevering foes:—
One, with her sides all dazzling as the sun,
Led on and luffed each raking fire to shun;
From fair *ASTURIAS* came her hardy crew,
And from the Prince her name the vessel drew.
The THUNDERER, as she sees her flag come nigh,
Awhile forgets the signal floating high;
Delays her course, her zealous seamen warms,
In acts of naval skill and feats of arms;
Until EURYALUS' repeated hail
She hears, and to the VICTORY speeds her sail.

Thee, MINOTAUR too, distant on the tide,
The VICTORY saw, and on thy help relied!

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While hostile shouts on every side resound,
In anxious expectation gazing round,
NELSON the trusty MINOTAUR beheld
Advancing, and her Gallic foe repelled;
And as along the foaming wave she glides,
The vigorous crew that filled her burning sides,
And smote the GAUL in NILE's tremendous day,
Who raking, on the battered VANGUARD, lay,
A moment rise to Memory's grateful eye;
With their brave Chief, whose absence wakes a sigh.

Yet one awhile to reach him tried in vain;
Surrounding foes her eager course restrain:
Her influence in the contest well they know;
And close around, or steer athwart her prow.
At length, quick glancing on his gladdened sight,
Through the black smoke a standard glitters bright.
Is it BRITANNIA'S flag that gleams afar,
Or meteor darting through the mingled war?
Her near approach while echoing cheers proclaim;
The sea around is blood; the air is flame!

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Amid the shuddering Gauls her force displayed,
The VICTORY hails secure her potent aid;
And the fierce Chief opposed, compelled to pause,
A distant thunder hurls, and slow withdraws:
Though huge *NEPTUNO* falls before his eyes,
The MINOTAUR'S and SPARTIATE'S well-earned prize.

Still dares her dauntless consort emulate
Her long resistance, and provoke her fate.
Views she the wearied AFRIC'S fire more slack,
That her broad top-sails thus are braced aback?
Or does the *INTREPIDE* from her leader claim
A desperate charge to vindicate her name?
How vain the hope bold AFRIC'S crew to tire!
Though slow each blast, she pours her steady fire
With aim unerring. But with vengeful speed
ORION comes.—Remain not lest thou bleed!
ORION comes; and round her quarter now
Terrific veers, then shoots upon her bow.
There on the astonished foe her anger burns;
The forceful blow *INTREPIDE* scarce returns;

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Sudden her shivered masts all prostrate lie;
No more she fights, nor vainly strives to fly.

Disabled now though many a ship recedes
From fight, or boarded by the victor bleeds,
Yet a long line still threats the British train,
Hazards untried and toils severe remain.
Th' unwearied chiefs, repressing vain alarm,
To efforts fresh, their rallying centre warm;
The line deranged regard with careful eye,
And every broken interval supply;
Watch every movement of the hostile force,
Compute each danger, ponder each resource;
Careful, lest GALLIA's leader doomed to yield,
Or forced reluctant from the watery field,
To keep one squadron firm, entire, compact,
And thus the dubious fight awhile protract.
So may the shattered barks secure retreat,
Nor prizes fall disgraced by foul defeat.
Following their bold example in the rear,
BAHAMA, BERWICK, ILDEFONSE appear;

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NEPTUNE, *FRANCISCO*, next their force combine,
To face the NEPTUNE of the British line;
LEANDRO, *PLUTON* too, the call inflamed,
With many a ship from saints and heroes named.

The ships of BRITAIN 'gainst the hostile storm,
No line renewed, in artful order form.
Each to the charge with equal vigour flies,
Each on her own undaunted crew relies.
ACHILLES with the foremost stemmed the tide;
DEFENCE and POLYPHEME each broadside plied;
With flowing sheets, in rapid way succeed
The ships, whose daring chiefs already bleed,
DEFIANCE and REVENGE; the THUNDERER near,
And SWIFTSURE on her beam, her bold compeer,
Rush to the combat; not a bolt they send,
But fragments fly and streams of blood descend:
While every leader thus exhorts his train,
"No distant fight; nor be one fire in vain!"

Midst friends, midst foes, are seen a pigmy pair,
That scarce a warlike force or aspect bear.

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What though they boast no prize in triumph borne,
Yet shall no fading wreaths their names adorn.
Where fainting foes the sinking wrecks bestride,
By dire explosions scattered o'er the tide,
They bend their course; avert th' impending doom;
And snatch the victims from the yawning tomb.
Proud to fulfil the heaven-inspired behest
Their NELSON's closing tablet bore imprest.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

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TRAFALGAR.

PART EIGHT.

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ARGUMENT.

REFLECTIONS.—Afternoon.—General view of the Fleets.—Continuation of the Battle.—BELLEROPHON, *AIGLE*, DEFIANCE.—COLOSSUS, *SWIFTSURE*, *BAHAMA*.—ACHILLES, DEFENCE; *BERWICK*, *ILDEFONSO*.—LEVIATHAN, *AUGUSTINO*.—*ASTURIAS*, POLYPHEMUS, DREADNOUGHT, *SAN JUAN*.

The VICTORY *continues engaged with the* TRINIDADA *till the latter hawls her wind: the* BUCENTAUR *then advances, but a decisive combat is prevented by the interposition of her seconds.—The* TRINIDADA *preparing to join the* BUCENTAUR, *attacked and dismasted by the* NEPTUNE.—SOVEREIGN, *SANTA ANNA*.

Distress of the French Admiral.—His resolution to overwhelm the VICTORY, *by a simultaneous attack of the ships which remain near him undisabled.—They obey his signal, but are dispersed on the approach of the* VICTORY *with great slaughter.—Close action between the* VICTORY *and* BUCENTAUR.—*Surrender of the latter.—*NELSON'S *wound and death.—Concluding Reflections.*

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The Battle of Trafalgar.

PART THE THIRD.

WHEN mighty empires signal favours share,
Not always is the blessing bought with prayer;
Fate oft unmoved by supplication stands,
And some illustrious sacrifice demands.—
For this the DECII shed their patriot blood;
Thus at THERMOPYLÆ the Spartan stood;
Ere blazed imperial TROY PELIDES died:
And thus must NELSON fall, BRITANNIA's pride!

Now slow descending from his noon-tide height,
The orb of day rolled westward from the fight;
While, fast attracted from the fields of air,
Attendant clouds around his disk appear.

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A partial blaze the hostile scene reveals,
At each extreme the pausing battle reels;
There naked masts, with splintered summits, gleam,
Gigantic pines scathed by the lightning's flame!
With streaming wrecks o'er-spread, the hulls below
Their blackened sides in castled ruins show;
Around whose base ensanguined billows dash
The crimson foam in momentary flash,
Sickening the soul! while from the fleets combined,
The sounds of death come wafted in the wind,
Midst interrupted thunders. But a shade
Of blackest night is o'er the centre laid.
Here boundless burns the flame of fight, and here
The ships that boast a sail convergent steer:
The chiefs their utmost efforts here demand;
Condense their strength; and make their final stand.
The nerves of battle here once more are braced;
And here the last great stake of war is placed.

Here, brave BELLEROPHON! thy sturdy crew
Blends with thy former fame atchievements new.

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Less urgent far his task who gave thee name,
To quell of old Chimera breathing flame,
Than thine the force of numbers to sustain;
To look for succour round, and look in vain:
While on the deck amid th' impetuous fray
Weltering in blood thy fearless leader lay!—
Impatient, on th' unaided vessel flies
The Gallic *AIGLE*, views in thought her prize;
A bloodless wreath expects, but startled hears
"Revenge and Death!" commixed with dreadful cheers.
No more she tempts her desperate rival's might,
But bears away. DEFIANCE stops her flight.
As the fell tyger from the herd repelled,
Th' approaching hunter views with rage unquelled,
To wait her foe, collected, *AIGLE* lies;
And all her strength in one vast effort tries.
Bold as the hunter rushes on his prey,
Inured to conquest in the sylvan fray,
Nor cautious hurls aloof the flying dart,
But seeks with thirsty spear th' invader's heart:

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So, and with glittering arms at once exposed,
In conscious strength her foe DEFIANCE closed.
Awhile the Gauls sustain the deadly strife;
And only yield the victory with their life.

With equal ardour, scarcely less distrest,
COLOSSUS lay by various foes opprest.
The *SWIFTSURE*, once of Britain's line, she viewed,
And, touched for Britain's fame, toward her stood,
The ship that dared on NILUS' stream to meet
The mighty leaders of the Gallic fleet,
Whose thunders shook proud *L'ORIENT'S* lofty frame,
As o'er the waves she towered, enwrapt in flame!—
Ere long exulting, GAUL, with wondering eyes,
Won by a host the *SWIFTSURE* saw her prize;
And now a crew select, with boastful pride,
Her course, a fatal charge! in battle guide.—
On board the *SWIFTSURE* fierce COLOSSUS borne,
From either ship the clashing ports were torn;
Her on the larboard side *BAHAMA* closed,
Fire meeting fire, and man to man opposed.

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Yet thus alone, from friendly succour far,
While round tumultuous roared the storm of war,
With sides all breached, with decks all streaming blood,
Unconquerable still COLOSSUS stood:
Her hardy crew admit no thought of flight,
Her wounded Chief no forms of danger fright;
But to his seamen round he nobly cries,
" One hostile ship at least shall be our prize:
" And if nor force, nor wounds, nor death appal
" This gallant crew, I trust they both shall fall!"
With interrupting shouts the bands reply,
" Or, one by one, this faithful crew will die!"
Valour like this let conquest ever crown.
BAHAMA'S shattered mizen-mast comes down;
Dim, through the smoke, the British crew discern
Their country's ensign waving from her stern;
A well-timed prize! for, wearing quickly round,
The *SWIFTSURE* on their quarter now they found,
Pouring destructive fires; but poured in vain;
Fires more destructive still, she felt again,

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And fled; but as to clasp the wind she tried,
Hurled all her masts abruptly o'er the side.
COLOSSUS thus, in light revealed once more,
(Around her hushed awhile the battle's roar,)
Triumphant lay, her rivals' flags abased;
And her torn decks two vanquished leaders graced.

Where glows a double flame amid the fight,
ACHILLES and DEFENCE their strength unite.
A Gallic chieftain, of his vessel proud,
On Britain's squadron breathed defiance loud;
BERWICK, the last of ships from Britain torn,
That now the lines of vaunting Gaul adorn,
(The name alone remains; for, many a-day,
The captured bark had sunk in slow decay;)
BERWICK his pendant bore. Her ceaseless glare
Promiscuous flashed on all advancing near.
Her fervent courage *ILDEFONSE* inspires,
That follows close and emulates her fires;
Furious they ply DEFENCE: the thundering peal
Shakes all her masts, and roars through every sail.

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Th' unequal strife ACHILLES now beheld,
And *BERWICK* soon to closest fight compelled;
DEFENCE more large for *ILDEFONSO* steers,
And board and board each hostile ship appears.
In vain the Iberian strives, in vain the Gaul;
They fight in concert, and together fall.

In sharp encounter joined, while these remain,
LEVIATHAN *AUGUSTINE* met again;
Yard-arm and yard-arm on her fast she drew,
And o'er the decks her agile boarders threw.
Driven from successive posts, th' Iberians wield
Their arms in vain; yet not inglorious yield.

Still in the rage of mutual fight opposed,
And only by their mutual flames disclosed.
Swelling the horrors of th' eventful day,
The mighty *TRINIDAD* and VICTORY lay.
Fires poured on fires the Britons urge amain,
Their fires intense th' Iberians scarce sustain;
But set their every sail, and hope to find
A transient safety while they clasp the wind.

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No vain pursuit her conquering rival tries;
Close to the wind no more the VICTORY lies:
But as with echoing shouts she steers along,
To seek an equal foe amid the throng,
Emerging sudden from a cloud of smoke,
The *BUCENTAUR*, in proud defiance, broke.
From van to rear full at the VICTORY aimed,
Her ireful cannon simultaneous flamed;
Her ireful blasts the VICTORY nought controul,
Nor shake the purpose of her leader's soul.
Close on the *BUCENTAUR* her battery bears;
She thunders; and the Gauls confess their fears.
Through either shivered side the vessel feels
The mighty shock, and deep receding heels:
But her strong seconds quickly ranging nigh,
With countless bolts the British leader ply;
The VICTORY stretches forward, through a host
Of parting ships; again in smoke is lost!

Th' Iberian Chieftain sees; his high compeer
Resolves to succour, or his fate to share.

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"To arms again!" with voice inspiring calls;
The helm a-weather, off the vessel falls;
And while the prow to leeward verges fast,
Her ponderous yards direct athwart are braced,
Right stemming for the VICTORY: when between,
The frowning NEPTUNE close on board is seen;
Whose broadside, from the *TRINIDADA'S* sides
Scatters the whirling splinters o'er the tides;
From all the quivering masts are rent away
Th' elastic shrouds, and snapped each guardian stay.
Around, their battered structures to sustain,
Each active seaman plies his skill in vain;
They tremble, nod, and tumble to the main!

Fearless of dangers, strenuous to defend
Their charge, the chieftains to the last contend.
Her friends involved in smoke, her masts all gone,
The SOVEREIGN'S might still *ANNA* braves alone;
Her stedfast crew reduced, more faint sustain
The fight, and scarcely at their posts remain;
Yet every effort that becomes the brave,
Unwearied try their country's flag to save.

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With single bolts the SOVEREIGN'S masts they wound;
At every shock her yielding masts resound;
Until the main, the mizen from on high,
O'er the broad quarter, crushed in ruins lie.
Beneath her tottering fore-mast round she veers,
And on her stern her rival's broadside bears;
Till from afar EURYALUS surveyed
Th' ungoverned ship, and came a timely aid;
Caught the long hawsers from the lofty prow,
And towed her round again towards the foe.
O'er *ANNA* now, in turn, the raking balls
Vindictive sweep; her hapless leader falls.
Through all her ravaged decks, that stream with gore,
Her heroes droop; her thunders cease to roar.

Devoid of hope, yet burning to contest
The impending capture, on *ASTURIAS* prest;
But POLYPHEME, advancing boldly near,
At once arrests her in her full career,
Till DREADNOUGHT ranges up, the fight surveys
Indignant, nor her powerful aid delays;

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But on *ASTURIAS* hurls a flaming shower.
ASTURIAS feels; the conflict tries no more;
Reluctant from the wind, her course inclines;
And leaves with lowered ports, the hostile lines.
Nor leaves unheeded: DREADNOUGHT eager views
Her flight, and at her utmost speed pursues.
A warrior near regards his bleeding chief,
And spreads his utmost sail to bring relief;
Presents his ship, and brave devoted bands,
And firm the DREADNOUGHT'S force awhile withstands;
Not all her force: her Chief, whose generous breast
The noble effort touched, its worth confessed;
And as he checked th' exterminating blow,
Beheld a hero in his vanquished foe.

GAUL'S valiant Leader views, with rage and grief,
Involved in ruin, each auxiliar chief.
In sad amazement, rivetted he stands,
Then lifts to Heaven imploring eyes and hands.
While anxious thoughts on thoughts distracting roll,
He questions thus the purpose of his soul.

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" Oh! with the remnant of th' Iberian band,
" Shall I in safety seek the sheltering strand;
" Or call around the leaders that remain,
" And try the turns of desperate fight again?
" Say, shall my seamen charge that wonderous crew,
" Whose strength their warlike labours but renew?
" Say, shall I too, those dreadful decks ascend,
" That all the wasteful powers of battle blend;
" And hand to hand, amid his conquering hosts,
" Dare the brave Chief, the bravest ALBION boasts?—
" Such strength, such valour joined, though hard to dare,
" I know myself. Enough. Avaunt despair!
" Deem not that Chief by partial Fortune crowned;
" E'en NELSON conquest but in valour found.
" Let me a phalanx bold collect once more,
" And all its fury on the VICTORY pour!"—

His signal *REDOUTABLE* still obeyed,
Next *ARGONAUT* the assenting flag displayed;
NEPTUNE, with sails entire, her aid supplies,
MONTBLANC as eager to his succour hies;

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To leeward, *INDOMPTABLE* far inclined,
Braced every yard, quick luffing to the wind.
By friends encircled, soon again he stood,
In hopes high raised, and courage unsubdued:
Then shouts aloud: through every deck he flies,
Rousing his seamen with repeated cries.
" True to your country's fame, O yet be found,
" Behold our faithful seconds gather round!
" E'en now, on ALBION's Chief, they bend their prows,
" And snatch the wreath of triumph from his brows.
" Then stand, with me, once more the foe to face,
" Who dread not death, but only fear disgrace:
" But if there are who basely wish to fly,
" Stay while you view your Chief with glory die!"
He ceased: for now the VICTORY close appears,
Destruction darting from her fervid tiers.
Her ardent seamen all, with generous ire,
Bound on her decks, and send their souls in fire.
On as she rapid came, *MONTBLANC*, who led,
Threw all her sails a-back in silent dread.

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Then *ARGONAUT* her deathful broadside tries;
Nor more; but, drenched in blood, at once she flies.
While *INDOMPTABLE* trembled at the sight,
And veering ranged her ample sail for flight.
Yet GALLIA's Chieftain every danger dares;
Retreat he scorns; on NELSON full he steers;
And breathing vengeance fiercely onward goes.
The fatal moments fly.—They meet. They close!

When the dire Genius of the earthquake raves,
His fetters burst, in Ætna's deepest caves,
And springing upward to the realms of day,
In wide disruption bursts his blazing way;
The sulphurous whirlwind through the summit driven,
With sudden night obscures the vault of Heaven;
While hurled tremendous down the roaring steep,
Woods, cities, fields, the fiery torrents sweep;
And undistinguished on the blasted plains,
An equal fate involves the herds and swains:
Thus, wide disploding flame, the vessels rode;
Thus equal night o'erhung the sable flood;

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So scathed the ships, thus fall their warriors round,
The battle thunders! Sea and Heaven resound!

Oh, for a cheering beam of heavenly light,
To pierce the dense dark cloud, that veils the fight!
It comes!—The bard appalled beholds the fates
Aroused! nor single wounds, nor death relates!
Now bleed the Gauls, they fly, they fight again;
Now on the British decks are heaped the slain;
Now wrapt in darkness, tumult, smoke, and fire,
In either ship the seamen scarce respire;
More faintly now, they urge the toil of blood,
In streams abating flows the purple flood.
The Gallic Chief exhorts his crew once more;
"Another broadside!" calls. Their cannon roar.
The bolts rude crashing through the VICTORY fly;
Her seamen pierced with severed fragments die.
The bolts scarce issued from th' opposing side,
"Another broadside!" Britain's Chief replied.
Responsive, rapid as the hero's breath,
All dreadful rushed the messengers of death.

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Fierce through the planks, amid the impelling flame,
Sparkling they flew, resistless, to their aim;
With vengeful rage th' opposing cannon tore;
And all the groaning vessel thundered o'er.
Lo! to her sternpost, from the shattered head,
Filled are the decks with dying and with dead.
In vain to fight, or fly, they strive with fate;
They stand to perish; or they fly too late!
Not less dismayed the Helvetian peasant flies,
When at the mountain's base, aghast he spies
The snowy cone, from off its summit slide,
And roll impendent down the darkened side.
These mount aloft, to shun th' invading foe;
Those seek confused the deep retreats below.
In vain in arms their Leader still appears;
The band no longer threats nor praises hears:
And in the general tumult borne away,
He yields, with anguish yields, the well-fought day.

The Gauls, th' Iberians, view in deep despair;
BRITANNIA charges dreadful on their rear;

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Full on the broken fleet pursuing pours
Her winged fire, in unremitted showers:
Yet oft their bravest seamen turning wait
Th' approaching foes, and dare provoke their fate!
In vain their noble rage, their efforts lost.
The bravest fly. Despair pervades their host.

Pauses the fight. The last dread task is done,
And Victory comes to crown her favourite son.
Closed all his toils, and won the immortal day,
Heaven calls; and Time permits no longer stay.
Fate hovers o'er the Hero doomed to bleed,
Yet sorrowing veils the hand that urged the deed.
Portentuous burst from mid the hostile cloud,
The sudden flash: the thunder followed loud.
True to its aim the destined lightning passed,
And Death descending rode the fiery blast.—
Imprest with awe divine the Hero stood;
Tumultuous on his heart, the refluent blood
In tides unequal flows. At once he feels
Th' unerring orb, and backward trembling reels,

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Back as he trembling reeled, it rushing tore
The parted spine. Wide sprinkling flies the gore,
Stretched on the ensanguined deck supine he lies;
The shades of death awhile invest his eyes:
Till closing fast around, the warlike train,
Their bleeding Hero, gently raised, sustain;
And bear him, turning oft a lingering eye,
Where weeping friends the healing arts apply:
There, through each nerve though pangs convulsive roll,
On England's glory fixed his mighty soul
Revolves the fate of battle. What if lost
Amidst o'erwhelming crowds, the foe should boast
One British flag abased? Or swift retreat
Avail to save the scarcely vanquished fleet?—
While thoughts like these oppress his tortured mind,
Amid the groupes of wounded friends réclined,
Where the dim torch, with melancholy glare,
Gleams through the scarcely respirable air,
He views the bloodless cheek, the languid eye,
And hears the groans around that call to die;

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Then looks to Heaven in short and silent prayer;
(His country still and Heaven his ardors share)
"Thou to whose will in humble hope I bend;
"Eternal SIRE! in mercy, Oh! attend,
"Whose hand has guided in the martial strife,
"My conquering squadrons through my arduous life!
"This conscious heart no sordid lust of gain,
"No hostile blood profusely wasted stain;
"As now no ill-timed hope of lengthened days,
"No vengeful wish my panting bosom sways;
"Nor empty dream of posthumous applause:—
"But for my country and her righteous cause,
"Thou knowest, to whom my inmost soul is known,
"For this I drew my sword, for this alone.
"And if from Thee the sacred flame that fires
"The patriot's breast, and but with life expires;
"If yet a tyrant's chains thy will decree
"To burst, and supplicating Europe free;—
"Propitious still, vouchsafe thy guardian power,
"Sustain my fleet in this eventful hour;
"Bid the last sun of my victorious days
"In glory set with undiminished blaze!"—

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He said. The sanguine tides apace decay:
Yet ere the vital spirit winged its way,
While round his friends, with throbbing bosoms, stood
In solemn musing, as his fate they viewed,
The VICTORY blazed once more from every tier;
And shouts of triumph thrilled upon his ear.
Once more his voice the solemn silence breaks;
And all the man and all the hero speaks.
" Say, is the battle won?—Indulgent Heaven!
" Conquest is ours! Enough to life is given.
" My breath for BRITAIN's glory to resign,
" Long has the firm, the ardent wish been mine.
" In Europe's safety, and my country's praise
" Secure, I sought no added length of days;
" But, (pardon, gracious Power, if here to blame!)
" In fight to fall, and bear a victor's name.
" Yet ah! would Fate awhile relenting hear
" The last fond wish my heart that hovers near;
" What then?—Your toils, that won this glorious day,
" An age of grateful life could ne'er repay.
" 'Tis o'er!—In vain the rest I strive to tell.
" O! all I honour,—all I love,—farewell!"

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Deep silence filled the circle. From the wound
No longer flowed the vital stream around.
A pallid hue o'er all his visage spread;
The voice for ever from his tongue had fled.
His bosom heaves no more. The spirit flies,
To seek immortal glory in the skies!

What warrior feels regret at such a death?—
BRITANNIA only twines the funeral wreath.
While History stamps, upon her sacred page,
In one short life the triumphs of an age.
Here, if the Muse's lay may soothe thy shade,
There, Chief revered! thy virtues ne'er shall fade.

O! brave companions of th' unequalled fight,
If your proud country with more warm delight,
Or with more partial eye regards a name,
Illustrious in the eternal rolls of Fame;—
With fonder hope her naval sons alone
She views, and with their glory blends her own.

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And you, lost heroes! by the unchanging doom
Of fate decreed to fill an early tomb,
Repose!—And while your bright example warms
The naval train to kindred deeds of arms;
While hosts on hosts of seamen yet unborn,
Shall view the trophies that your names adorn;
And fixing on your urns a glowing eye,
Shall wish like you to live, like you to die:—
ALBION, from age to age, shall rule the main:
And you and NELSON have not bled in vain!

THE END.

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NOTES.

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Notes to Canto First.

PLEASURES OF THE NAVAL LIFE.

NOTE I.—Page 4, line 5.—*The Lusian hero.*

Vasco de Gama, the discoverer of the passage to India, round the Cape of Good Hope.

NOTE II.—Page 4, line 8.—*reared the cross.*

"It was customary for the earlier Christian navigators to erect crosses on remarkable points of land, as they were discovered in succession."—*Clarke, Origin and Progress of Maritime Discovery.*

NOTE III.—Page 4, line 10.

The fiery crescent of the Moor turned pale.

"To destroy the revenues of the Moors effectually, and thereby ruin their power, was the object of Prince Henry in the expedition of Vasco de Gama, as worthy the Grand Master of the Order of Christ."—*Bruce.*

NOTE IV.—Page 4, line 11.—*Columbus.*

The discoverer of North America.

"It was not till after several years of fruitless solicitation, that the project of Columbus received the sanction of the Spanish court. His great patroness Queen Isabella, at length, generously offered to pledge her own jewels, to raise money for the necessary preparations. The difficulties he had to contend with in the prosecution of his voyage, from the unskilfulness, cowardice, and superstition of his officers and crews, were innumerable: these difficulties were abundantly aggravated by the first discovery of the variation of the magnetic needle. 'This appearance, now familiar,

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though it still remains one of the mysteries of nature, filled the companions of Columbus with terror.' Finally, having sailed so long before the trade wind, they deemed their return to Europe next to impossible; and, under the impulse of desperation, had absolutely consulted on putting their commander to death."—*Robertson.*

NOTE V.—Page 5, line 15.—*Cook.*

Captain James Cook. One of the most celebrated navigators of this or any other country.

"Independent of his ability and perseverance as a discoverer, his invention, adoption, and exercise of means for preserving health at sea, will cause his memory to be ever venerated by the mariner: while his zeal in the general cause of humanity will remain the admiration of the philosopher. It influenced his conduct in all transactions with the many savage nations with whom he had to interfere; and their prospective advantage was consulted, in the care and preservation of the plants and animals sent from England to these remote regions, at the sacrifice of every personal convenience. On the 30th July 1774, he completed a voyage of three years and eighteen days; during which he had circumnavigated the globe with the loss of one man only, out of a crew of 112; and this person died of a consumption, which had probably commenced before he left England. That humanity which was so prominent a feature in his character, was exhibited even at the catastrophe which closed his life, in an affray with the inhabitants of Owhyhee the 14th February 1778. He had turned his face from the natives, to order the firing to cease, when one of them advancing struck him from behind."—*Samwell in Kippis's Life of Captain Cook.*

NOTE VI.—Page 6, line 11.—*Unnerved Centurion.*

This alludes to the havoc made by the scurvy during lord Anson's celebrated voyage round the world. The Centurion, of 60 guns, sailed from England with a complement of 500 men, the 18th September 1740; and although to these were added the remains of the Gloucester's crew, consisting originally of 350, yet such were the ravages of this dreadful disease, that on the 29th April 1743 no more men and boys could be mustered than 227; when the ship came to

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action with, and captured the Spanish galleon from Acapulco.—*Anson's Voyage.*

NOTE VII.—Page 8, line 12.—*Vale's stream.*

The river Vale, or Vole, which falls into the sea at Falmouth, whence the ancient name of the town, Vale-Mouth.

"A rock named the 'Black Rock' lies in the entrance of the Roads; on the western side of which stands the ancient Castle of Pendennis."—*Camden.*

NOTE VIII.—Page 9, line 13.—*British Moralist.*—Johnson.

NOTE IX.—Page 10, line 6.—*Thy various altitudes.*

The altitudes of the sun, taken for the purpose of ascertaining the latitude.

NOTE X.—Page 10, line 8.—*Compels her crescent.*

Visual approximation of the sun and moon by the sextant, for determining the longitude.

NOTE XI.—Page 10, line 9, 10.

Approximation of the moon and a fixed star, and taking the altitude; for the same purpose.

NOTE XII.—Page 10, line 13, 14.

The magnetic needle, and its variation.

NOTE XIII.—Page 11, line 8.—*vital lamps.*

"On the evening of the 29th, we observed that luminous appearance of the sea, so often mentioned by navigators, and for which various causes have been assigned; as, putrefaction of marine animals, electricity, &c. We were of opinion that the flashes, which exactly resembled those of lightning, but less considerable, proceeded from some luminous animal; and our opinion was confirmed, when, by a casting net, numbers of a species of Medusa were brought on board, having the appearance of metal violently heated. Together with these were some small crabs, each of which gave as much light as a glow worm, though not so large by nine-tenths."—*Cook's First Voyage.*

NOTE XIV.—Page 11, line 15.—*glittering prey.*

The flying fish.

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NOTE XV.—Page 11, line 19.—*Neptune's advent.*

On crossing the Equinoctial Line in a voyage to the East Indies, or the Tropic to the West, the Festival of Neptune, or his visit to the ship, is most religiously observed. Its terrors, however, appear to have been considerably softened in the lapse of time. The privilege formerly so much insisted on by the veteran seamen, of ducking the younger tars from the yard-arm, is now generally given up; the ceremony being commuted for a fine of grog.

NOTE XVI.—Page 13, line 9. *Top;—vide* CANTO SECOND; also for the lines 14, 15, 16, 17.

NOTE XVII.—Page 14, line 13.—*squall.*

A sudden and violent gust of wind.

NOTE XVIII.—Page 15, line 8, 9.—*The mountain-summits.*

The Cape of Good Hope; the Genius of which is represented by Camoens, in the Lusiad, as appearing to Vasco de Gama, and uttering maledictions.

NOTE XIX.—Page 22, line 17.—*giant fucus.*

The sea weed growing on rocky ledges, observed in Cook's Voyages.

"The leaves are four feet long, and some of the stalks one hundred and twenty. The foot-stalks are swelled into an air vessel: and Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander called this plant Fucus Gianteus."—*Cook's First Voyage.*

NOTE XX.—Page 23, line 10.—*the castled towers.*

Madras, formerly known by the name of Fort Saint George.

NOTE XXI.—Page 24, line 11.—*slender shallop.*

In the immense surfs which break on this coast, the slender flexible boats of the natives are equal to the conveyance of passengers, when those of European construction could not live a moment.

NOTE XXII.—Page 32, line 16.—*whirling tides.*

The current round the Cape of Good Hope runs with amazing rapidity.

"Captain Waghorn went round it in the Liverpool frigate in the

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year 1764, and in five days had a help of one hundred and sixty miles."—*Major Rennel.*

NOTE XXIII.—Page 32, line 20.—*wonderous isle.*

Saint Helena. "It is the summit of an immense mountain rising out of the sea, which at a little distance round it is unfathomable. It appeared, as we approached it on the windward side, like a rude heap of rocks bounded by precipices of immense height, and in sailing along shore the cliffs seemed to overhang the ship."—*Cook's First Voyage.*

NOTE XXIV.—Page 34, line 5.—*the lone isle.*

The natural advantages which the islands of Scilly present to the parent country as a maritime state, seem to have been long most unaccountably overlooked or neglected. These have been pointed out with great ability, in a work professedly on the subject, by Benjamin Tucker, Esq., Surveyor General for the Duchy of Cornwall.

NOTE XXV.—Page 34, line 20.—*the Lizard.*

The southernmost point of land on the coast of Cornwall, being that from which the British ships usually take their departure on outward bound voyages; and it is also frequently the first seen on their return.—*Camden.*

NOTE XXVI.—Page 35, line 4.—*the Dodman or Deadman.*

The next projecting headland which is seen in the course up Channel.—*Camden.*

NOTE XXVII.—Page 35, line 5.—*the Ram.*

A remarkable high land at a short distance from Penlec Point, the western extremity of Plymouth-Sound, as is the Bolt, which lies considerably farther to the eastward. Between these is the Eddystone, a rock, or rather a ledge of rocks, lying at fourteen miles distance from the port of Plymouth. On this is a light-house, erected under the superintendance of that excellent engineer the late Mr. Smeaton; the vignette to whose work on its construction represents a most singular and stupendous object, the sea breaking 100 feet above the cupola the morning after a storm!!

NOTE XXVIII.—Page 35, line 20.—*the furies of Trinacria's seas.*

Scylla and Charybdis.

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NOTE XXIX.—Page 36, line 18.—*The rugged Start.*

The southernmost projecting point on the coast of Devon.

NOTE XXX.—Page 36, line 20.—*the Western Bay,*

Is that deep indentation of the coast between the Berry Head to the west and Portland to the eastward. Into this flows the river Isca or Exe, after washing the walls of Exeter. The epithet *fractured*, as applied to the hills, is from Polwhele, the Historian of Devonshire; and that of *vermeil* from the beautiful tint which the rich soil exhibits when it is prolonged to the headlands.

NOTE XXXI.—Page 37, line 8.—*Portland.*

The peninsula of that name on the Dorsetshire coast, a well known and striking object to all accustomed to navigate the Channel.

NOTE XXXII.—Page 37, line 11.

—the fair Island crowned with golden grain.

The Isle of Wight, remarkable for its beauty and fertility. "The Roads" of Spithead are formed by the coasts of this Island and the opposite shores in the vicinity of Portsmouth.

NOTE XXXIII.—Page 38, line 4.

Beachy-Head on the coast of Sussex.

NOTE XXXIV.—Page 38, line 9.—*the Foreland.*

The South Foreland on the Kentish coast.

NOTE XXXV.—Page 39, line 2.

—the Downs where Goodwin's castle stood.

"In November 1092 the sea rising to an extraordinary height overflowed the coast of Kent, and swept away abundance of cattle. This inundation covered the lands that belonged formerly to Earl Goodwin in the reign of Edward the Confessor. This place, called at this day Goodwin's Sands, is famous for shipwrecks innumerable."—*Rapin.*

The exertions of the Kentish mariners in stress of weather for the preservation of vessels, can scarcely be credited by those who have not witnessed them.

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Notes to Canto Second,

PLEASURES OF THE NAVAL LIFE.

THE greater number of Notes in this Canto, are in explanation of technical terms.

It seems hardly necessary to say, that to a spectator standing on board a ship with his face towards her head, the objects on the right and left side of the masts are expressed by the terms "starboard" and "larboard:" but it may be observed, that the term "larboard" is never applied to the motion of the tiller or bar which moves the rudder in steering the ship. If it is to be put to the right hand, the word is "starboard!" or "starboard the helm!" but if to the left, "port!" Windward and leeward are relative terms affecting also every article on each side the masts; the windward or weather side being that on which the wind blows, the lee or leeward side the contrary.

MASTS.

As no single tree could be procured that would make a mast for a large ship, or if it could, its use would be objectionable, each mast has three general subdivisions, viz. the lower mast, top mast, and top gallant mast, to say nothing of the royal mast, which may be considered a prolongation of the last. The means by which each of these are secured to each other are the *cap*, *cross*, and *tressle trees*, and *fid*. The cap is a large oblong block with a mortise through it behind, and a round hole before; the mortise corresponds with the *extremity* of the head of the lower mast, the round hole is to admit the top mast. At the *lower* part of the head of the lower mast, several feet below its superior extremity, are pieces of timber attached to it, transverse to the ship's keel, and thence called *cross trees;* and over these pieces laid longitudinally, named *tressle trees*. Through the heel or lower end of the top mast is a square hole to admit a short iron wedge termed a *fid*.

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NOTE I.—Page 47, line 6, &c.—*Girtline, &c.*

A rope running through a single block at the lower mast head, with each end coming down on deck. It is by this that the various articles (and the seamen also), are conveyed aloft for rigging the ship. —(line 11.) *Starboard side.* It is customary to begin the operations on this side.—(line 12.) *The pendants* here denote those short pieces of rope fixed on the heads of the masts, with an eye spliced in each, for the purpose of hooking the blocks of tackles, &c. the effect of which is directed to some distant object.—(line 14.) The *shrouds* are the large and strong ropes which sustain the masts on each side. The shrouds are always divided into pairs. With the addition of ratlines, or small transverse cords, they form a range of ladders.—(line 15.) The *stay* is a large strong rope which descends forward obliquely from every mast head; its use is to prevent the mast from inclining backward.

Page 48.—The *dead-eye* is a large round and flattish block, fastened to the lower end of each shroud, which is termed "turning it in." Each dead-eye is pierced with three holes, through which a lanniard or small rope is reeved; and passing through as many corresponding holes in the dead-eye of another series fixed to the channels or projecting boards from the sides of the ship, a purchase is thereby formed to make the shroud "taut," or tight, or in the nautical phrase "to set it up."—(line 3.) *Hearts.* Another kind of dead eye for the lanniards of the stays.—(line 7.) *Tops.* The top is a sort of platform surrounding the *lower* mast head, from which it projects on all sides like a scaffolding. The principal intention of the top is to extend the topmast shrouds so as to form a greater angle with the masts, and thereby give them additional support. The men also assemble here preparatory to any operations aloft, &c. In rigging, the tops are made fast to the girtlines, which are also further attached or "stopped" to them in such a manner by small pieces of cordage, that they are swayed to the heads of the lower masts with their edges in a vertical position. When they are so high that their square aperture in the middle will go over the mast head, the "stops" are cut, and the top falls with a proper inclination to its place, to which it is conducted by the *guy* (a rope used to keep steady any weighty body) acting in concert with the girtline. *Launch* here implies to lower any thing that was previously hoisting.—(line 13.) *Mast rope.* A word applied to any

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kind of rope by which the masts are elevated or "swayed" aloft.—(line 15.) To get the cap and top-mast into their place, the cap is first placed in the top, and the top-mast swayed up till the end of the top-mast, pointed through its circular aperture, they are next lashed together, and the top-mast elevated, till the cap is carried to the extremity of the head of the lower mast, to which it is then fitted by its mortise, and driven firmly down with a maul; and the lashing, by which it was previously connected with the top-mast, being cast off, the latter is further swayed up till the heel is a little below the cross trees, and the iron wedge or fid being passed through a hole made for the purpose a little above the heel of the top-mast, the latter rests by it on the tressle trees: previously to this, after the head of the mast is passed through the cap, the cross trees and cap are fitted to it for the security of the top-gallant-mast: tops being used for the lower masts only.—(line 20.) *Backstays.* Long ropes reaching from the top and top-gallant-mast heads of a ship, to the channels on each side. They are used to support these masts, and second the efforts of the shrouds when the ship is under a press of sail.

Page 49, line 10.—*Bowsprit.* A large boom or mast which projects over the stem to carry sail forward.—(line 14.) *Bobstays.* Ropes used to confine the bowsprit downwards to the stem or cut-water.—*Pitching* is the movement by which a ship plunges her head and afterpart alternately into the hollow of the sea.—(line 15.) *Gammoning* is a rope used to bind the inner quarter of the bowsprit close down to the ship's stern, for the purpose of greater security.—(line 16.) *Capstan.* A strong massy column of timber, having its upper extremity pierced with a number of holes to receive the capstan-bars or levers. It is let down perpendicularly through the decks, and fixed in such a manner that the men by turning it horizontally with their bars, perform any work which requires extraordinary effort. It is by this that the anchor is weighed.—(line 18.) *Spanish windlass,* denotes any short staff, round which a rope is wound, for the sake of a more ready mechanical purchase.—(line 20.) *Boom.* Jib-boom. A boom run out from the extremity of the bowsprit, to which it may be considered a sort of top-mast. Upon this the jib or foremost sail of the ship is set.

Page 50, line 1.—*Horses.* Ropes passing from the extremities of the yards, &c. to the middle; used for the men to stand on, while loosing and furling sails, &c.—(line 5.) *Top rope.* Any rope used for con-

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veying a yard aloft. *Yards* are those pieces of timber by which the sails are extended. They are arranged with respect to the wind by the *braces*, supported by the *lifts*, and confined to the masts by *parrels* and *trusses*. The rigging being taut, implies its being drawn tight. The yards being square, is when they are perfectly at right angles with the masts and keel of the ship.—(line 10.) The *pendant* in this place means the long streamer at the mast head, which denotes the ship to be of the royal navy.

Page 51, line 19. The *boatswain* is the officer who summons the people to their respective duties. The whistle which he uses on these occasions is termed a *call*. To *let fall* the sails is to unfurl them from the yards ready for setting.

Page 52, line 2.—*dance it round.* Weighing the anchor, though an effort requiring the united strength of a great number of hands, yet in a well-manned and well-regulated ship is performed with such alacrity, that the step of the men thus employed is generally to quick time on the fife or violin, and the phrase "dance round the capstan!" by no means uncommon.—(line 6.) *Cast.* The motion of a ship, whereby she brings the wind on one side which had before blown right a-head. It is generally applied to a ship parting from her anchorage.

Page 54, line 8.—*Veering.* The operation by which a ship (or squadron) in changing the course from one board to another, turns the stern to windward, in opposition to tacking, wherein the head is turned to windward and the stern to leeward.

Page 56, line 11.—*Orlop* is here used for that part of the ship which contains the berths of the mates, midshipmen, &c. *Berth* is the apartment wherein any number of the officers or ship's company mess or lodge.

Page 62, line 10.—*Keel.* The principal and lowest piece of timber in a ship.—(line 12.) *The Hold* is that cavity in a ship between the floor and the lower deck, which contains the provisions, stores, &c.

Page 63, line 5.—*The veteran seaman.* The ablest and oldest seamen are generally presumed to be on the forecastle, whence the term forecastle-men.—(line 6.) *Waiste.* That part of the ship between the forecastle and quarter deck. In this place the more laborious part of hauling the tacks, sheets and bowlines is executed, &c.—(line 7.) *Courses.* By these are denoted the foresail, mainsail, and mizen (the

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basses voiles of the French.)—(line 10.) By the word *tier* is understood the range of cannon on a ship's deck.

Page 65, line 4.—James Young, Esq. late captain of His Majesty's Ship Valiant.—(line 12.) Vice Admiral William Albany Otway, Esq. the present Commander in Chief at Leith.—(line 13.) Rear Admiral Sir Charles Hamilton, Bart. the present Commander in Chief in the river Thames.

Page 66, line 19.—*Hatchways:* The square or oblong openings in the decks through which stores are hoisted or lowered, and the crew ascend or descend.—(line 20.) *From stem to stern* implies throughout the ship.

Page 67, line 3.—*Halliards* are ropes by which the sails are hoisted on their respective masts or stays.—(line 9.) The use of the *down-haul* is implied in its name.—(line 6.) *Tack* is a large and strong rope attached to the clues or lower corners of the courses, and used particularly when the ship makes sail on a wind; or with her head as near the direction of the wind as possible. There is a tack and a sheet to each clue. While the former serves to confine that part of the sail which is to windward in its place, the latter stretches the lee clue, whereby the whole receives the due influence of the wind. When the wind blows on one side of the ship, that is called the *weather*, and the opposite the *lee* side; and every thing on each side the masts is now distinguished by these relative terms, instead of larboard or starboard, which would be used if she was going right before the wind: thus it is usual to say the weather or lee clues, braces, &c.:—(line 5.) By the *enfolding gear* is here denoted, generally, the ropes which serve to haul up the sails to the yards; such as the clue-garnets, clue-lines, buntlines, &c. To *overhaul* them is to render them slack, so that they may not impede the *setting* of the sail.—(line 10.) *Stay-sails* are those which traverse on the stays of the masts: analogous to these is the *jib* (line 11.) the foremost sail in the ship, connected with the jib-stay.—(line 12.) The *driver* is a very large sail, behind all the others, and hauls out to a boom projecting over the stern.—(line 13.) *Top-men.* The sailors who are constantly on duty in the *tops*.—(line 14.) *Points* are a range of short strings, by which a certain portion of the sail (termed a *reef*) is tied up to the yard, when it blows too fresh to carry *whole* sails.—(line 14.) The *earing* is a longer piece of cord, by which the outer edge of the reef is hauled to the extremity of the

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yard-arm.—(line 20.) *Top-gallant-sails.* The second series of sails above the courses, the top-sails being between.

Page 68, line 1.—*Sheeted home* implies that the sheets are effectively tight.—(line 2.) *Royals* are those sails set above the top-gallant-sails. —(line 3.) To brace up *sharp* is to point the yards diagonally to the keel or length of the ship.—(line 4.) The *mark* of the lower braces is made by a few turns of rope yarn, when the yards are braced up for the first time; it serves on all future occasions to relieve the attention of the officers, and prevent unnecessary labour to the men.—(line 7.) *Backstays* have been described.—(line 8.) *Bow-lines* are ropes attached to the *leech* or edge of the sail, which they keep steady.—(line 10.) To *check,* is to slacken.—(line 16.) *Wake* is the print or track of a ship impressed by her course on the surface of the water.—(line 19.) *Abaft the beam.* The ship chaced being to windward of her pursuer, the latter, by superior sailing, advances a head of (or before) her, on a parallel line; but as she cannot now approach nearer in this direction, it becomes necessary to *tack,* (line 20.) i. e. to bring the wind on the other side, and steer towards her adversary on a course making an angle of about 135 degrees with the former. For this purpose the *helm* being eased down (line 21.) or put to the *leeward* side of the ship, the impulse of the water on her progressive motion, by means of the rudder, inclines her head to windward; and to increase this effect the *head sheets,* viz. those of the *jib* and *fore top-mast, stay-sail,* and *fore-sail,* are let go. The pressure of the wind comes by degrees to be exerted entirely on the *after sails,* i. e. those on the main and mizen-mast, (the ship being supposed all this time to be turning on an imaginary axis passing through or rather before the center of her keel,) till her head every moment approaching nearer the direction of the wind, these sails also shake,—(Page 69. line 1.) and being of no further use in their present position must be braced about: but as this operation would be much obstructed if the (line 3.) *clues* of the sails were not to be elevated, the word is given to (line 2.) *raise tacks and sheets!* which is performed by hauling a little on the clue-garnets. The wind being scarcely *a-head* but rather on the (line 4.) *bow,* the next order is (line 5.) *mainsail haul!* the *lee-braces* are then let go, and the men haul in the *weather-braces* as briskly as possible, having them ready in their hands, and running along the deck. If the word is given in due time, the yards (line 6.)

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swing with great velocity.—In the mean time the *headway* or progressive motion of the ship is gradually diminishing; and from the sails on the foremast having been some time *a-back*, it at length ceases altogether, and she is driven *a-stern*. The consequence of the ship having (line 7.) *sternway* is, that the water striking the back of the rudder, communicates an impulse to her head correspondent to the direction in which the helm stands: it is therefore necessary to (line 8.) *right the helm* by putting it the contrary way. The *head-sails* still (line 9.) *a-back*, their braces having been barely *checked*, and acting strongly against the mast and shrouds, continue to press the ship's head round to (what is now) *leeward*, till the wind fills the after-sails; the effect of which, if it blows fresh, is to counterbalance those forward (line 10). It is then only necessary to let go the braces of the head-sails which are yet fast, and haul in those opposite; the word of command for which is (line 10.) *haul off all*, when the sheets being hauled (line 11.) *aft*, the sails will be all filled on the opposite tack to that the ship was on before. The rigging is then made (line 12.) *clear* for going about again; for it is necessary to repeat the operation when the enemy is abaft the beam; otherwise the distance between the ships would be every moment encreasing.

Page 69, line 22.—*Veering breeze.* The pursuer being here favoured by a shift of wind, (or becoming the weathermost ship) it is evident that the ship chaced can have no means of escape but by running to leeward. The bow-lines which kept the weather leeches of the sails stretched forward are therefore let go, the weather-braces are rounded in, the tacks eased, and the sheets slackened, while the helm is put a-weather. The yards and sails, though not transverse to the mast, form lines less diagonal to the ship's keel, and she is now going rapidly through the water with the wind blowing on the same side, but in an oblique direction from behind instead of from before; or as the sailors express it—(Page 70, line 6.)—*with the wind on the quarter.*—(line 11.) *Studding sails* are additional sails which are set outside the others.—(line 12.) *Burtons* serve to give additional support to the top-sail yards on these occasions.—(line 14.) *Booms* are small yards, to the outer extremities of which the studding-sail tacks are attached.—The ship chaced steering (line 18.) *before the wind* makes here her last effort. She is only supposed to adopt it after being worsted with the wind quartering, on the presumption that,

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from any peculiarity of mould or trim, her own rate of sailing might be superior, or that of her adversary the contrary on this particular course.

NOTE II.—Page 74, line 2.—*That dreary night.*

This alludes to the loss of His Majesty's Ship Ethalion, then commanded by Captain John Clarke Searle, the present active and disinterested Chairman of the Victualling Office, in the night between the 24th and 25th of December 1799.

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Notes to Canto Third,

PLEASURES OF THE NAVAL LIFE.

NOTE I.—Page 81, line 10.—*Lagos.*

His Royal Highness served as a midshipman in the fleet under the command of Sir George Rodney, at the defeat of the Spanish admiral Langara, off Lagos, in the American war.

NOTE II.—Page 83, line 2.—*her earliest brightest wreaths.*

On the 18th June, 1793, Sir Edward Pellew, in His Majesty's Ship La Nymphe, captured La Cleopatre, the first ship that fell after the commencement of hostilities with revolutionary France. The action was close and severe; and in its event well calculated to repress the overweening pride, and lower the haughty tone of her marine; on which the baronet left as deep an impression in his subsequent cruizes.

NOTE III.—Page 83, line 5.—*Biscay's undulating swell.*

Lord Howe's action with the French on the 1st of June, 1794. One ship of 74 guns was sunk, and six taken.

NOTE IV.—Page 83, line 17.—*Superbe.*

In the memorable defeat of Monsieur Conflans by Lord Hawke, on the 20th November 1759, the Superbe of 74 guns was sunk by the Magnanime, then commanded by Lord Howe.

NOTE V.—Page 83, line 2.—*partial combats.*

In allusion to those actions which took place in the earlier part of the war; scarcely decisive in their result, but constantly exhibiting proofs of British valour, and ending in the retreat of the enemy.

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NOTE VI.—Page 84, line 6.—*fleets and forts.*

In allusion to the destruction of the arsenal and fleet at Toulon, by Lord Hood, December 18, 1793.

NOTE VII.—Page 84, line 10.—*Cornwallis.*

The honourable William Cornwallis. The retreat of Admiral Cornwallis on the 19th June, 1795, with five ships of the line, and two frigates, in the face of a French squadron of thirteen ships of the line, fourteen frigates, two brigs, and a cutter, is perhaps without a parallel in the annals of naval war. The enemy hovered round him a whole day, without attempting any thing further than a distant cannonade.

NOTE VIII.—Page 85, line 1.—*another Hood.*

On the 23rd June, 1795, Lord Bridport, at the very entrance of the port of L'Orient, defeated the French squadron which had previously chaced Admiral Cornwallis. Three ships of the line fell: and their vicinity to the port, alone, saved the remainder from capture or destruction.

NOTE IX.—Page 85, line 5.—*Saint Vincent's cape.*

This most glorious victory, from which the title of the noble earl is so honourably derived, was atchieved the 14th February, 1797, by fifteen British ships, mounting 1,232 guns, over twenty-seven Spanish ships of the line, armed with 2,308. Two first-rates, and the like number of third-rates, were taken.

NOTE X.—Page 85, line 20.—*Duncan.*

On the 11th of October, 1797, the Dutch fleet were totally defeated, off Camperdown, by this gallant officer.

NOTE XI.—Page 87, line 10.—*loved of Fortune.*

Sir John Borlase Warren, baronet. Few officers have been more frequently favoured by Fortune, in opportunities for the display of professional talent; and it is but justice to say, he has never slighted those favours. It was on one of these occasions that, on the 12th October, 1798, he fell in with the French squadron, destined for the invasion of Ireland, within a few hours sail of the coast. The

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result was the discomfiture and capture of nearly the whole of the hostile force.

NOTE XII.—Page 87, line 20.—*Acre.*

The admirable defence of this place by Sir Sidney Smith.

NOTE XIII.—Page 90, line 12.

The squadron still more dreadful from defeat.

The glorious attack on the Spanish and French squadrons on their sailing from the port of Algesiras, under the guns of which they had been previously attempted but a few days before, when in consequence of the Hannibal having grounded in the midst of the enemy, the Admiral (Sir James Saumarez) was under the painful necessity of abandoning her. Undismayed at the result of this well-contested action, the British ships were refitted with astonishing promptitude; and though diminished in number by two line of battle ships, sailed at the same time with their adversaries; who, in the engagement which followed on the night of the 12th July, 1801, lost two first-rates burnt, and a 74 taken.

NOTE XIV.—Page 91, line 9.—*Gallia's favourite port.*

Brest. The blockade of Brest, which for such a length of time was so ably executed by this officer, most eminently evinced the superiority of the British marine, and the respect in which it was held by its opponents.

NOTE XV.—Page 92, line 8.—*the father of his fleet.*

Alan, Lord Gardner. Brave, unassuming, mild, charitable! No one will dispute the epithet that is here applied to his name, as an humble tribute to his memory.

NOTE XVI.—Page 92, line 19.—*each warlike Hood.*

Captain Alexander Hood, of the Mars, killed at the moment of victory, in action with L'Hercule, 21st April, 1798. Sir Samuel Hood, baronet, severely wounded, when Captain of the Centaur, at the capture of four French frigates, 25th September 1806.

Lines from 1, *page* 93, *to* 16, *page* 94.

These lines allude to combined naval and military operations, which it is scarcely necessary to enumerate in the Notes.

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NOTE XVII.—Page 96, line 16.

In allusion to the 6th Eclogue of Virgil.

NOTE XVIII.—Page 98, line 14.—*a fleet.*

The French fleet which sailed from the port of Toulon, passed through the Straits of Gibraltar, on the 8th of April; and being joined by a number of Spanish ships from Cadiz, proceeded to the West Indies. On its return it was engaged on the 22d July 1805, by Sir Robert Calder, baronet, with a very inferior force, and under such unfavourable circumstances of weather, as in all probability prevented the victory from being more decisive. Two Spanish line of battle ships were taken.

NOTE XIX.—Page 100, line 9.—*of wayward fate the sport.*

Four ships of the line, which, under the command of Rear Admiral Dumanoir, had escaped from the Battle of Trafalgar, were engaged and all taken by Sir Richard John Strachan, baronet, with an equal number of ships, the 4th of November, 1805. Sir Richard's flag was that day hoisted in the Cæsar.

NOTE XX.—Page 101, line 6.—*Orion.*

Sir John Thomas Duckworth, baronet, commanded the Orion on the 1st of June. Having pursued the French squadron, which sailed for the West Indies early in the year 1806, he came up with, and captured or destroyed the whole, on the 6th February, off Saint Domingo.

The late lamented Sir Thomas Louis, baronet, and Sir Alexander Cochrane, baronet, whose respective flags were flying in the Canopus and Northumberland, had the felicity of sharing in the honours of this day.

NOTE XXI.—Page 101, line 19.—*Denmark.*

On the 7th September, 1807, the whole of the Danish fleet was surrendered by capitulation to Lord Gambier.

His lordship commanded the Defence of 74 guns, on the 1st of June, 1794.

NOTE XXII.—Page 102, line 13.—*A hero.*

On the 11th of April, 1809, four ships of the line were taken and destroyed by fireships, under the immediate command of Lord Coch-

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rane: the remainder of the enemy's fleet which escaped the fate of these, have not since put to sea.

NOTE XXIII.—Page 103, line 11.—*Immortal Chief.*

Lord Nelson. This great officer had been, previously to the battle of the 14th February, 1797, in 146 battles and skirmishes at sea and on shore.

NOTE XXIV.—Page 104, line 7.—*Collingwood.*

Lord Collingwood, who was confirmed by the Admiralty in the command of the Mediterranean fleet, had been the friend and shipmate of Lord Nelson in early life. Like his great predecessor, he sacrificed every personal consideration to his sense of public duty, in the discharge of which he yielded his breath.

NOTE XXV.—Page 105, line 10.—*Northesk.*

The noble and gallant Admiral of this name alone survived, of the three flag officers of Trafalgar, to receive in person the grateful plaudits of his countrymen.

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Notes to Part First.

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

Page 119, line 14.—The *Formidable*, 80 guns, Rear-Admiral Dumanoir.

15.—*Santa Anna*, 112, Vice-Admiral D'Alava.

17.—*Bucentaur*, 84, Admiral Villeneuve.

19.—*Asturias*, 112, Admiral Gravina.

Page 120, line 1.—*Algesiras*, 80, Rear-Admiral Magon.

4.—*Trinidada*, 140, Rear-Admiral Cisneros.—This ship, in addition to the usual force of capital ships, had guns mounted on her gangways; whence she was denominated a *four-decker*.

Page 120, line 9.—*Bolts*. The word *bolts* is here, and generally throughout the work, used for shot or balls.—(line 12.)—*Mystic figure*. The head of this ship, conformably to her name, bore an image, intended to designate the Trinity.

Page 121, line 6.—The *Royal Sovereign*. Vice-Admiral Lord Collingwood.

9.—*Britannia*. Rear-Admiral the Earl of Northesk.

13.—*Temeraire*, 98, Captain E. Harvey.

15.—*Neptune*, 98, Captain T. F. Freemantle.

18.—*Prince*, 98, Captain R. Grindall.

Dreadnought, 98, Captain J. Conn.

Page 126, line 8.—*devoid of order*. Some of the French officers, while the British fleet were bearing down, and every ship under such a press of sail, could scarcely be persuaded that its novel mode of for-

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mation was the result of Nelson's admirable foresight; but imagined that the attack was to be made at random.

Page 130, line 17.—*Augustine.* San Augustine, 74, Brigadier Don F. Cazigal.

Leviathan, 74, Captain H. W. Bayntun.

Page 131, line 15.—*Conqueror*, 74, Captain I. Pellew.

Page 132, line 19.—*Mars*, 74, Captain Duff.

Page 133, line 10.—*Africa*, 64, Captain H. Digby.

Page 134, line 20.—*Tonnant*, 80, Captain C. Tyler.

Page 137, line 8.—*Revenge*, 74, Captain R. Moorsom.

11.—*Achilles*, 74, French, Capt. Mons. de Nieuport.

Page 139, line 1.—*Ajax*, 74, Lieutenant J. Pilfold.

Agamemnon, 64, Captain Sir E. Berry.

9.—*Sirius*, 36, Captain W. Prowse.

10.—*Naiad*, 38, Captain T. Dundas.

11.—*Euryalus*, 36, Captain Hon. H. Blackwood.

12.—*Phœbe*, 36, Captain Hon. T. B. Capel.

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Notes to Part Second,

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

Page 144, line 18.—*specious tactics.*

During the American war, the British fleets, (in the West Indies particularly), though attacking with the utmost bravery, were baffled in several actions, which it was the object of the French to render indecisive. An opinion that the line should be kept unbroken, or that in the contrary circumstances indiscriminate slaughter and ruin, instead of conquest, would be the result,—seems to have been industriously promulgated by the French writers. The causes which had lately induced so many *drawn battles*, were ably investigated, and the remedy pointed out, by the late Mr. Clerke, in his invaluable work on Naval Tactics.

Page 146, line 4.—*Belleisle*, 74, Captain W. Hargood.

Page 147, line 8.—*Swiftsure*, 74, Captain W. G. Rutherford.

10.—*Argonaut*, 74, French, Captain Mons. Epron.

11.—*Thunderer*, 74, Lieutenant J. Stocklam.

12.—*Monarca*, 74, Captain Don J. Argumosa.

Page 150, line 15.—*Fierce from each poop the hostile ensigns tear.*

"The Temeraire was boarded, at the same time, by a French and a Spanish ship. The contest was vigorous; but in the end the combined ensigns were torn from the poops."—*Extract Lord Collingwood's Letter, London Gazette.*

Page 152, line 7.—*Spartiate*, 80, Captain Sir J. Laforey, baronet.

18.—*Redoutable*, 74, Captain Mons. Lucas.

Page 153, line 18.—*The kindled planks.*

During that period of the action when the Victory ranged on

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board the Redoutable, it was dreaded lest the blast of her guns, the muzzles of which were in contact with her opponent's side, should set fire to the ship; and the means taken to prevent this fatality, without relaxing in their efforts for conquest, was well worthy the British officers and seamen. "Here, then," (says Doctor Beatty in his Narrative) "was the astonishing spectacle, of the firemen on the Victory's lower deck, standing ready with their buckets of water; which, immediately on the discharge and recoil of their guns, they dashed into the apertures made in the enemy's side by their shot."

Page 154, line 19.—*Minotaur*, 74, Captain C. I. Mansfield.

In the action of the Nile, the Minotaur, then commanded by the late Sir Thomas Louis, though warmly engaged with one of the French ships, manned a number of her guns on the opposite side; and pointing them on another of the enemy, which was then raking the Vanguard, soon effected a cessation of his fire. This noble interference so deeply impressed Nelson, who was then wounded, and as he apprehended mortally, that he ordered a boat to be sent for Captain Louis, lest the approach of death should prevent him from returning his personal acknowledgments.

Page 156, line 5.—*Neptuno*, Spanish, 94, Brigadier Don. C. de Valdes.

11.—*Intrepide*, 74, Captain Mons. Infornel.

16.—*Orion*, 74, Captain E. Codrington.

Page 157, line 20.—*Bahama*, 74, Brigadier Don A. Galliano.

Berwick, French, 74, Captain Mons. Camas.

Ildefonse, San Ildefonso, 74, Brigadier Don I. I. de Vargas.

Page 158, line 1.—*Neptune*, French, 84, Captain Mons. Maistral.

Francisco, San Francisco de Asis, 74, Captain Don L. de Flores.

9.—*Leandro*, 64, Captain Don J. de Quevedo.

Pluton, 74, Captain Mons. Cosmas.

Achilles, Achille, 74. The British ship, so named after a French ship of the line, taken the first of June, 1794.—Captain Sir R. King, baronet.

10.—*Defence*, 74, Captain G. J. Hope.

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Page 158, line 10.—*Polyphemus*, 64, Captain R. Redmill.
13.—*Defiance*, 74, Captain P. C. Durham.
19.—"*pigmy pair*."
Entreprenante, cutter, Lieut. J. Nicholson.
Pickle, schooner, Lieutenant J. R. Lapenotiere.

Page 159, line 8.—*Nelson's closing tablet.*

On the last page of Lord Nelson's Diary, after adverting to the expected battle, he inscribed "And may humanity still be the characteristic of British seamen!"

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Notes to Part Third.

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

Page 164, line 19.—*Bellerophon*, 74, Captain Cooke.

This ship was often distinguished in battle—On the first of June she bore the flag of Sir Thomas Pasley. In the retreat of Cornwallis, that veteran considered her "a treasure in store." And at the Nile, she went along-side L'Orient; the weight of whose shot from the lower-deck only, exceeded that of the Bellerophon's whole broadside.

Page 165, line 8.—*Colossus*, 74, Captain I. N. Morris.

Page 166, line 7.—*Swiftsure*, 74, French, Captain Mons. Ville-Madrin. This ship, while in the British service, and commanded by Captain Benjamin Hallowell, at the Nile, took the station of the Bellerophon, after that ship was dismasted; where she kept up a tremendous fire till L'Orient was rendered incapable of further resistance.—The Swiftsure was afterwards taken, having sailed for England, by a squadron under the command of Admiral Gantheaume; after a defence which drew expressions of admiration from that officer.

Page 168, line 11.—*Berwick*, 74. The British ship of this name had been taken by the French fleet, the 7th of March, 1795, in the Mediterranean; her commander, Captain Littlejohn, was killed.

Page 173, line 9.—"*His ship.*" San Juan, 74, Brigadier Don C. Currucha.

Page 174, line 18.—*Argonaut*, Argonauta, 74, Captain Don A. Perejo.

20.—*Montblanc*, 74, Captain Mons. Le Villegres.

Page 175, line 1.—*Indomptable*, 84, Captain Mons. Hubert.

THE END.

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